

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 31, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

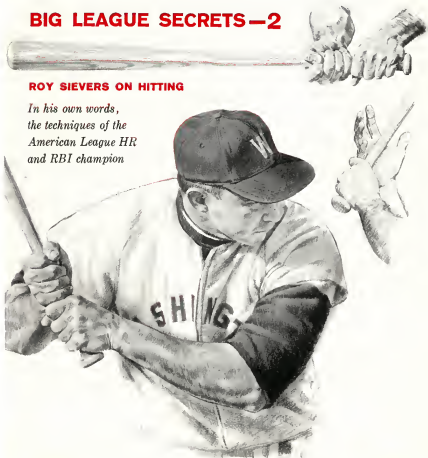
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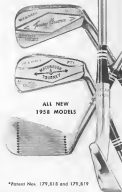
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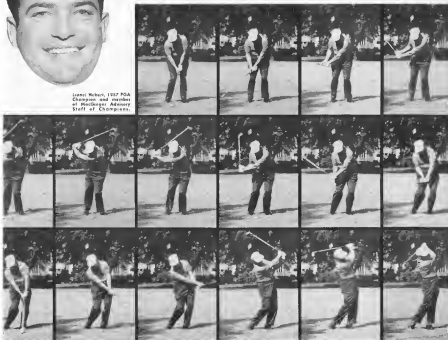


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Care, Big Sisters

The explosive muscular power that generated 82 home runs last year is evident in these graphic drawings of Stevens, who discusses the complex art of hitting in Part 2 of *Big League Secrets* (pages 35-47).

Drawings by Robert Roper

Next week



► On the eve of the trout season Spurne Grey Hackle, John McDonald and Roderick Haag-Drown report on three great streams hitherto unknown to most fly-fishermen.

► The Masters golf classic is as wild a sign of spring as the first robin. John G. Zimmerman and Farrell Gerhan have captured its spirit in a lively gallery of color pictures.

► Martin Kane, at the scene of battle in Chicago, reports one of the year's most important fights—the rematch between doughy Carmen Basilio and Sugar Ray Robinson.

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MY CLOSEST SHAVE by Elgin Ciampi

Shark Diver, Shark Expert, Author



"My closest shave happened under water while baiting sharks to photograph," says shark expert Elgin Ciampi. "My speared bait fish hid in a hole, pouring clouds of blood around me. Scuttling blood, a 7-foot man-eater, unable to find the bait, rushed me. I dodged and started taking pictures. I kept the camera between us while the shark circled hungrily for five full minutes. Then my air supply ran short, so I used psychology. I lunged at the shark with my camera. Startled, he shot away—and so did I!"

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HAIG-BROWN



McDONALD

IN NEXT WEEK'S issue three of the best-known living writers on fishing describe three of America's least-known trout streams. They will tell how to reach the streams; how to fish them; what fish to expect; where to lodge; and what equipment to take.

John McDonald reveals a creek hidden in the wilderness of Montana. McDonald is the author of the book, *The Complete Fly Fisherman*, which established Theodore Gordon as the founder of American fly fishing. When good fortune brought to light what is probably the only extant fly box Gordon owned, McDonald analyzed its contents for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (Oct. 18, 1954). Last year he played a major role in our publication of Dame Juliana Berners' *Treatise of Fysshynge with an Angle*, reconstructing with Dr. Dwight A. Webster the first recorded artificial trout flies and then (SI, June 3, 1957) explaining the good nun's immense legacy to fishing literature.

Most recently in these pages Sparse Grey Hackle has sent out a call for a dog psychologist (SI, 19th HOUS, March 3). But he has written here earlier of piscine rather than canine matters—as when he reported on how rubbish was ruining the great Beaverkill (SI, Feb. 27, 1956) and on how

Hiram Leonard became the father of the fly rod (June 4, 1956). Hackle next week writes of a river of brown trout and rainbows in the mountains of Pennsylvania.

The third writer is Roderick Haig-Brown, for whom this will be the first appearance in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. Born in Sussex, Haig-Brown grew up fishing the chalk streams of southern England. In his teens he left, in search of "broken country," which he found in the Pacific Northwest. There, in a Vancouver Island farmhouse overlooking the Campbell River, he lives, writes, fishes—and studies the Northwest rivers, which he knows as perhaps no other man. Haig-Brown has written more than a dozen books on fishing and nature. His two-volume *Western Angler* stands alone as the classic on Pacific salmon and western trout. Next week he tells about remote water in Washington, a haven for steelhead and cutthroats.

In his article John McDonald notes criteria which give a trout stream merit. "There must," he says finally, "be something unexpected about it."

That quality certainly belongs to these three streams. For to most of those who cast for trout they have been till now not only unexpected, but unknown.

Harry Phillips

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TIMES SQUARE AT 9:00 A.M.

What a place to have a puncture! Test officials checked tire pressure at 24 lbs. and drove 8-penny nails in each of the four Firestone tires.



GEORGE WASHINGTON BRIDGE

This is no place to have a puncture! A flat tire here might really hassle traffic. But Mrs. Larson and Mrs. Swain ride with confidence. Their four nail-punctured Firestone tubeless tires roll across the long bridge without losing air.



NEW JERSEY TURNPIKE

A puncture here would really jam up traffic. But punctured-on-purpose Firestone tubeless tires cruise along in heavy traffic without the slightest pressure loss.

Two New York City housewives proved that regular-price (non-premium) Firestone Tubeless Tires effectively protect you from punctures. You get the long-lasting puncture protection you'd ordinarily expect only from extra-cost premium tires. Using four nail-punctured Firestone Deluxe Champions, they toured the New York City area in heavy traffic. They didn't have a spare—and didn't lose a pound of air!

Ruth Larson and Virginia Swain of New York City, like millions of other American housewives, have never changed a tire. And, like all people who drive cars, they hope they never will.

Recently they drove through New York's rush-hour traffic on a set of nail-punctured Firestone regular-priced tubeless tire to demonstrate that you don't have to buy premium-price tires to get puncture protection. All Firestone tubeless tires regardless of price, give you this extra safety. As long as the puncturing objects remain in the tires, Firestone's wheelie tire construction helps prevent loss of air.

Mrs. Larson and Mrs. Swain proved this point. They rode on four punctured, regular-priced Firestone tubeless tires—tires containing no special puncture sealant. They drove for hour through heavy New York traffic, where tire failure would cause embarrassment, and didn't lose a single pound of air.

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"Virginia and I drove New York's traffic with nails in all our tires..."



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positive protection against punctures!



yet they never needed air!"



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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS — **RINK HARKA**, whale (6 feet 3 inches, 245 pounds) USC senior, literally threw discs out of park at Victorville, Calif., sealing plaster 198 feet 10 inches into ditch to better spectator Fortune Gordien's world record by more than 4 feet (March 22).

KARLENE BROWN, pudgy California strong girl, heaved basketball 135 feet 2 inches, sent 4-kilo shot soaring 49 feet 6 inches to break two U.S. marks in national indoor championships at Akron. Other record broken: Shirley Crowder of title-winning Tennessee State, who smashed over 59-yard low hurdles in 7 seconds; Shirley Heford of Cleveland, who leaped 9 feet 1½ inch in standing broad jump (March 22).

SWIM RECORDS, as fragile as a crate of eggs in these days of chlorine-happy youngsters, took another beating abroad and at home. At Auckland, New Zealand's perky Blackstocker Philippe Goud, 17, wind-milled 100 meters and 110 yards in 1:12.52 on first lap of 440-yard medley relay to make two world marks obsolete (March 16). At Seattle, timber-armed Sybil Rouda, 15, hustled through 400-yard individual medley in 5:05.2 to better American standard, set beating pace for U.S. record-breaking spree by Chris Von Ballen, 14, who freestyled 100 yards in 27.1, backstroked 200 yards in 2:28.6; Marianne Borgmeier, 16, who breaststroked 250 yards in 3:22; Nancy Raney, 17, who splashed 200-yard butterfly in 2:21.9 (March 22). At Indianapolis, Indiana Freshman Frank McKinney Jr. covered 220-yard backstroke in 2:19.2 for U.S. record (March 16). At Santa Clara, Gary Heinrich, 17, broke high school standard with 4:38.0 clocking for 440-yard freestyle (March 21).

BOXING — **VERGIL AKINS**, bewhiskered and even bewitched by Juan Logan's fast hands and faster feet and looking every bit the part of 11-to-3 underdog in first five rounds,

unaccountably found rival a sitting duck in sixth, slumped him twice before Referee Harry Kessler stopped welterweight elimination bout (see below) at New York's Madison Square Garden. Victory earned Bible-reading Akins title bout with Vince Martinez, probably in June, but he also picked up subpoena (along with at least a dozen others) from New York District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, who began moving in on boxing mob (see page 22).

TRACK AND FIELD — **BON DELANEY**, Dublin's Listering Irishman, with world-indomitable record (4:59.4) safely tucked away, contested himself with merely winning (for 24th straight time) in season's last meet at Cleveland, running down Maryland's Burr Ginn at three-quarter mile to center home in slovenly 4:12.7. Other winners: Bob Getowski, who soared 15 feet 4 inches (see below) in pole vault; Ohio State's Glenn Davis, who scuttled over 50-yard high hurdles in 6.1; Polish Refugee John Mach, who ran away from two-mile field in 9:02.4.

TEXAS, with feet Eddie Southern running wild as the wind in relays, piled up 81 points, finished far ahead of runner-up Abilene Christian (despite 10 points by Debby Morrow, who won 100 in 9.4, ran on winning 400, 800 relay team) in university division of West Texas Relays at Odessa.

FOOTBALL — **U. OF PITTSBURGH**, despite NCAA squeamishness (21, March 3), following latest trend in college-pro relations, worked out deal with city's Public Auditorium Authority to make Pitt Stadium available to Steelers for home games. Said Pitt Chancellor Edward Litchfield: "I can see no threat to our amateur status from the use of these facilities . . . by professional teams. Let's be very realistic. Professionalism results from a depreciation of values of an institution."

BASKETBALL — **KENTUCKY** stood at top of college basketball heap after squeaking past Temple 61-60, outscoring Seattle and fabulous Elgin Baylor 84-72 to win NCAA title at Louisville (see page 14), brought forth some tongue-in-cheek metaphor-mixing from cowering Coach Adolph Rupp: "We were just a bunch of ugly ducklings who weren't supposed to swim. We added around all season until the tournament. Then we became swimmers." Is New York's NIT, low-ranked Xavier got high-class performance from medium-sized Playmaker Hank Stein (see below), caught fire in overtime to upset top-ranked Dayton 78-74.

KANSASVILLE SWIMMING COLLEGE put end to 131-game winning streak of Wayland College's glamorous Flying Quetz, used backstimming of 6-footer Nera White to subvert Iowa Wesleyan 46-40 for women's AAU title at St. Joseph, Mo., earn six places on 19-golf team which will tour Russia April 29-May 7. The squad: Nashville's Nera White, Peggy Tate, Shirley Byrd, Joan Brown, Joan Crawford, Margaret Holbrook; Iowa Wesleyan's Barbara Sipes, Sandra Fiete, Wayland's Kay Gorms, Katherine Westington, Kansas City Midland Jewell's Lucille Davidson, Edith Kreslin.

NORFOLK COLLEGE, hot-headed as ever, ran off three straight over Philadelphia 102-93, 106-87, 106-92 in Eastern Division final, headed for NBA title playoff with winner of St. Louis-Detroit series. In West, Hawks took first two from Detroit 114-111, 96-94, dropped third game to Pistons 109-89.

AUTO RACING — **ENGLAND'S PETER COLLINS**, and **CALIFORNIA'S PHIL HILL**, hot-foot drivers on sports-car circuit, teamed up to push their shiny red Ferrari 1,040 miles at record 88.7 mph average, wheeled home well ahead of 40 other fashions in Sebring 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance (see pages 20 and 26).

GOLF — **ARNOLD PALMER**, trimmer but erratic former U.S. amateur champion from Latrobe, Pa., careened wildly from begot to birdie over first three rounds, straightened out on final day to shoot scorching 65, win \$15,960 St. Petersburg Open with 276.

accent on the deed . . .



UP FOR THE BIG ONE, Oxford's varsity oarsmen grimly lay to it, stroke with upright American style as they plow through the sun-whipped Thames in practice drill for April 5 race with Cambridge.



UP FOR TITLE SHOT, Vergil Akins is judiciously held back, given a TKO victory over fogbound Juan Logan by Referee Harry Kessler in the sixth round of welterweight elimination in New York.

BASEBALL—Boston pitcher and San Francisco Giants were leading leagues in exhibition play after two weeks, but springtime's most loaded bat belonged to Yankee Mickey Mantle, who hit four homers in as many days, helped Casey Stengel's talented young men win three out of four before splitting pair with oldtime neighbors, Los Angeles Dodgers. Milwaukee's Lew Burdette made first appearance, pitched three shutout innings in 4-0 win over Pittsburgh.

HOCKEY—Detroit protected third place with 4-2 victory over Montreal in closing game, won duabus right to meet fearsome Canadians in Stanley Cup playoffs. Second-place New York faced fourth-place Boston, Montreal, which set season record for goals scored (250), also had NHL's scorer in Dickie Moore, whose 36 goals, 48 assists and 84 points earned him \$1,000 prize.

FENCING—ART SCHANNON slashed his way brilliantly through 21 winning sabre bouts, pulled Illinois ahead of eastern champion Columbia (see page 30) into first place in NCAA championships at Lubbock, Texas. Other individual winners: Wayne Stotts, Bruce Davis, who repeated his 1957 victory in foil, Navy's R. R. Wornack, epee.

HORSE RACING—ROUND TABLE, who has been piling up earnings almost as fast as one of Owner Travis Kere's sporting air wells, needed only slightest jostle from Jockey Willie Shoemaker to start zipping in stretch, equaled track record of 1:59 1/5 for 1 1/4 miles in \$110,990 Gulfstream Park Handicap, stuffed another \$70,920 into his saddlebag to increase handle for 35 races to \$387,564, moved ahead of Stymie into third place among alltime money winners.

CALUMET'S TIM TAN took page out of Silky Sullivan's well-thumbed book, diveded along deep as rack before turning it on to win \$16,850 Fountain of Youth Stakes, last prep for Florida Derby, at Gulfstream, brought shore of enough fresh money to rate boost to 2 to 1 favorite in Caliente winter book for Kentucky Derby.

SILKY, dropped to 5 to 2 in Alessio broth-

ers' book, was hardly perturbed, showed still another talent in workout at Golden Gate Fields, breaking out of gate fast and spooling five maddy furlongs in 1:00 1/5.

TENNIS—PANTHO GONZALEZ, his big game seething once again before southern audiences, won three out of four, completed uphill climb from 13-9 deficit to beat Challenger Lew Hoad at 21-21 in Promoter Jack Kramer's 100-match pro tour.

HANDBALL—JOHN SLOAN, young (22) Chicago hustler, handcuffed No. 1-seeded San Francisco Detective Bob Brady, backed into his first national championship when Jimmy Jacobs was forced to default because of back injury in final of handball's "world series" played in revolutionary new glass-walled court at Aurora, Ill.

BADMINTON—JUDY DEVLIN, bonny 22-year-old Baltimore redhead with inherited skill at beating leathers off shuttlecock (her father, J. Frank Devlin, was world title six times back in late 1920s, early 1930s), cracked down on old rival Margaret Varner 11-7, 12-10 to win her third All-England and world championship in five years at London. But week's biggest eyebrow-raiser was served up by Erlend Koss, Danish office worker, who upset perennial champion Eddie Choong of Malaya, went on to beat Countryman Finn Kolberg 15-10, 8-15, 15-8 for men's crown.

MILEPOSTS—RETIRED—OSCAR (Duke) SOMER, 46, college football's able but quiet man, ending Minnesota star, longtime coach at Grinnell, Luther, Drake, Iowa, Syracuse and Springfield (since 1946); after 33 years at Springfield, Mass.

DIED—CLARENCE MCCARDILL, 52, America's leading designer of casual clothes for women who regarded Paris fashion as "confusing," believed clothing should be functional and free of fuss, first winner of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED-sponsored American Sportsman Design Award in 1956, of cancer, in New York.

faces in the crowd . . .



WARREN MATTHEWS, 23, petty housewife who has spent much of life chasing Betty Cuthbert, caught her twice in Aussie championships at Sydney, netting world sprint records of 10.3 for 100 and 23.4 for 220.

DALLAS LONG, bulky North Phoenix (Ariz.) H.B. youngster who threatens to throw shot out of sight one of these days, fung 16-pound ball 35 feet 11 1/4 inches at Glendale, Ariz., claimed new schoolboy mark.



D'ARCY MARSH, 17-year-old from Putney, Vt., added to victory in downhill, slalom to win Alpine combined title in national junior ski championships at Winter Park, Colo. Girl's winner: 15-year-old Starr Walton.

LUCILLE CREAMER, clear-eyed sharpshooter from Winter Haven, Fla., who has made national midwinter pistol title her own private domain, skillfully banged away at target, last week won her seventh crown at Tampa.



ANN KOVALCHUK, 19, shapely blue-eyed beauty, Ont., whose own husband is a swimming and ice skating, was chosen Miss Outdoors of Canada over seven others at National Sportsman's Show, Toronto.



J. LENOX PORTER, Yale Club's defending national squash tennis champion, who it again, gave Harold Stanton of Bronxville Field Club royal swatting 15-12, 15-9, 15-11 to retain title at New York's Harvard Club.



JACK HERSHERT, Houston barge line operator, who with Bob Mosbacher as co-skipper, kept his green-hulled Co Va hard on stern of Commodore all way, won St. Petersburg-Miami race on corrected time to clinch BIRC title.



UP FOR VICTORY goes Xavier's Hank Stern, wearing his Most Valuable Player trophy as a helmet after NIT victory in New York.



UP FOR RECORD goes Vaulter Bob Gatowak, shown clearing bar at 15 feet 4 inches for a new K. of C. meet standard at Cleveland.

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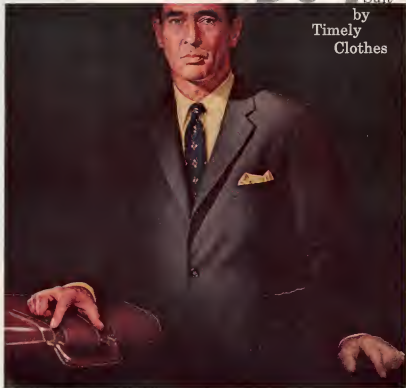
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COMING EVENTS

March 28 to April 6

- Teletext
- Color screen
- Network only

All times listed E S T, except where otherwise noted

Friday, March 28

BASKETBALL

- (Austrian) North-South All-Star Basketball Game, Raleigh, N.C.

BOATING

- World Star Class Spring Championships, New Orleans (through March 30)

BOXING

- Gil Turner vs. Mickey Frawford, welterweights, 10 rds., Mad Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

GOLF

- Asken Open, \$15,000, Wilmington, N.C. (through March 30)

TENNIS

- Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzalez, Cincinnati

TRAC & FIELD

- Team Relay, Austin (also March 29)

WRESTLING

- National Collegiate Wrestling Championships, Louisville, Ky. (also March 29)

Saturday, March 29

BASKETBALL

- (Exhibition) New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, St. Petersburg, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BASKETBALL

- (Austrian) East-West All-Star Game, Mad Sq. Garden, New York

BOXING

- National Basketball Association playoffs: Eastern Division, Boston at Philadelphia, and Western Division, St. Louis at Detroit (if necessary, 2:00 p.m., NBC)

BOWLING

- American Bowling Congress Tournament, Syracuse (through June 8)

DOG SHOW

- International Kennel Club Show, Chicago (also March 31)

GOLF

- All-Star Golf, Rity Casper vs. Cary Middlecoff, Palm Springs, Calif., 4 p.m. in each time zone (ABC)

HOCKEY

- Stanley Cup playoffs, Series "B," New York at Boston (also April 1 and, if necessary, 5, 6 and 8)

HORSE RACING

- John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Borey, Md. (Florida Derby, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Gulfstream Park, Fla. (San Francisco Mile, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 m., Golden Gate, Calif. The Bell, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds, 6 f., Jamaica, N.Y.)

HUNT RACING

- Canada Cup, Carden, 8 C

LACROSSE

- Navy vs. Washington College, Annapolis, Md. Johns Hopkins vs. Rutgers, Baltimore. Md. Washington Lawrence Club vs. Army, Baltimore

SWIMMING

- National Collegiate Swimming Championships, Irvine, Ala. Arco, March 3 p.m. (NBC)

TENNIS

- Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzalez, Louisville

Sunday, March 30

AUTO RACING

- USAC Championship Race, 100 miles, Trenton, N.J.

BASKETBALL

- (Exhibition) Philadelphia Phillies vs. Detroit Tigers, Lakeland, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BASKETBALL

- National Basketball Association playoffs (if necessary): Eastern Division, Philadelphia at Boston, and Western Division, Detroit at St. Louis

HOCKEY

- Stanley Cup playoffs, Series "A," Montreal vs. Detroit (also April 1)

Monday, March 31

BASKETBALL

- (Exhibition) New York Yankees vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, St. Petersburg, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BOXING

- Jimmy Peters vs. Rudy Scaer, welterweights, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (D-Mutual)

GOLF

- Golf Writers Amateur Championship, Myrtle Beach, S.C.

HORSE RACING

- Capital Handicap, \$10,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 6 f., Laurel, Md.

TENNIS

- Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzalez, Atlanta

Tuesday, April 1

BADMINTON

- American Badminton Association Open Amateur Championships, Boston (through April 5)

BOXING

- Ricardo Morales vs. Kid Bessy, featherweight championship bout, 10 rds., Los Angeles

TENNIS

- Pro tour, Hoad vs. Gonzalez, Augusta, Ga.

Wednesday, April 2

BOXING

- Rory Calhoun vs. Yolande Perry, light heavyweight, 10 rds., Louisville, 10 p.m. (ABC)

HORSE RACING

- Racing Toward Sixties, \$30,000, 3-yr-old fillies, 3 f., Gulfstream Park, Fla.

LACROSSE

- Maryland vs. Princeton, College Park, Md.

WRESTLING

- National AAT Wrestling Championships, San Francisco (through April 5)

Thursday, April 3

BASKETBALL

- (Exhibition) New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox, St. Petersburg, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

GOLF

- The Masters, Augusta, Ga. (through April 6)

HOCKEY

- Stanley Cup playoffs, Series "A," Detroit at Montreal (if necessary)

SWIMMING

- National AAT Men's Indoor Championships, New Haven, Conn. (through April 5)

Friday, April 4

BOXING

- Kid Gavilan vs. Tony Jones, middleweights, 10 rds., Philadelphia, 10 p.m. (NBC)

Saturday, April 5

BASKETBALL

- (Exhibition) Los Angeles Dodgers vs. Milwaukee Braves, East West, 2:30 p.m. (NBC)
- New York Yankees vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Jockeyville, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (ABC)
- Detroit Tigers vs. Boston Red Sox, Lakeland, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

BOATING

- St. Milton Cup Intercollegiate Sailing Race, Chesapeake Bay, Md. (also April 6)

HORSE RACING

- The Gotham, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Jamaica, N.Y. Richmond Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr-olds, 6 f., Golden Gate, Calif.

HUNT RACING

- Deep Run Hunt, Richmond

LACROSSE

- Johns Hopkins vs. Virginia, Baltimore. Md. Washington Lawrence Club vs. Princeton at Baltimore

Sunday, April 6

BASKETBALL

- (Exhibition) Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Kansas City Athletics, Fort Myers, Fla., 1:20 p.m. (Mutual)

HOCKEY

- Stanley Cup playoffs, Series "A," Montreal at Detroit (if necessary)

* See local listing

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THE OLD MASTER

Even as he brilliantly captured the national basketball title,

Coch Rupp spurned a popularity which should be his

by JEREMIAH TAX

THIS is a story about a brah young man who had the misfortune to run into the Old Master of tournament basketball, Adolph Rupp of Kentucky.

The brah young man was John Castellani, a peppery, fast-talking, sharp-dressing 32-year-old; half-Irish, half-Italian, he has all the loquacity and the fire traditionally associated with the blood that surges at high speed through his slender, crew-cut frame. These are qualities that threatened to wreck a career be-

fore it really got under way when, in this, his second year as coach at Seattle University, his fine collection of players lost four of their first eight games and he was twice bung in effigy in downtown Seattle for his pains. To his credit, Castellani kept his electric intensity, gained a measure of control over it and, more importantly, gained control over his players, which he hadn't earlier. He drove them relentlessly through the rest of the season with only one more defeat.

His leadership won Seattle entry to the NCAA championship tournament and three stunning preliminary victories over Wyoming, San Francisco and California. It won them entry to the semifinal round in Louisville last week and there another superlative victory over Kansas State, a team which appeared exhausted in body and spirit after a grueling season. It won them vast popular support around the country and, finally, the right to play for the title.

Then John Castellani met Adolph Rupp. On the coaching level, it was no contest.

Jowly, bulky Adolph Rupp, 56, and for many of those years probably the keenest basketball mind in the nation, had already won more tournament games of any kind than any coach in the history of the game. Since 1932-53, when Kentucky was obliged to cancel its schedule because of alleged violations of the NCAA code, Rupp has had one thought before him—through the long summers after poor (for him) seasons, through endless, sweaty afternoons of practice sessions, under the lash of a bitter, consuming ambition. "I will not retire until Kentucky wins another NCAA championship."

At the start of this season, Rupp, an open-eyed realist, could hardly have hoped for much more than his 18th Southeastern Conference title, if that. As he put it, he had a collection of "fiddlers" when he needed "violinists." They were the holdovers of what he had termed possibly his worst team in years. But the clue—for all who had eyes to see—was in that word holdovers. He had a starting five of four seniors and one junior. All had had three years of the rigorous Rupp discipline that makes and, let it be said, can break basketball players. It is a system of orders given and orders carried out—or else. This year's team played its games by rote, by strict patterns laid down by Rupp; with hardly a single free-lance move, they ran their patterns, getting better and better at them as the year wore on, and won the Southeastern title against competition which was far superior to that of many previous seasons. In the early rounds of the NCAA tournament they simply overpowered Miami of Ohio and actually humiliated a strong Notre Dame by more than 30 points. In the semifinal against Temple they passed and ran and ran and passed until they found the tiniest chinks in one of the toughest defenses in the nation; that kept them even in a seesaw game until they made capital of a last-minute Temple error and won.

Rupp was within one step of the goal, but no one knew better what a big step it was. He could have had few real worries about his own attack against only a so-so over-all Seattle defense. But the problem of what to do about the offensive versatility and the apparently unstoppable rebounding of Seattle's Elgin Baylor was a problem that hadn't been solved by many another coach. (Portland Coach Al Negratti told Castellani after Baylor had scored 60 points against his team: "John, we almost had you. If we could have held Baylor to 54 points, we'd have won.")

It seems obvious now that Rupp



TRIUMPHANT Adolph Rupp watches his intensely drilled Kentucky team carry out his superb strategy against Seattle and sweep to victory in the NCAA finale.

OUTFOXED THEM

decided there was nothing he could do about Baylor; he just didn't have the height or the skill. There was only one course open: get rid of Baylor. And that's what he did.

He did it through a young man named John Crigler, easily the most underrated player in this tournament. Rupp set up fast-moving patterns that forced Seattle into a continuous switching of defensive assignments until Baylor was left guarding Crigler and Crigler was left with the ball. So far so good and, actually, not too difficult to accomplish. But the crux of the matter was that at the moment Baylor was forced to switch to Crigler, Crigler had taken advantage of an intricate series of legal blocking maneuvers and was already a half-step ahead of him and driving on a cleared-out path to the basket. Baylor had to concede two points each time or try to stop Crigler without fouling him. In a tournament game players like Baylor concede nothing, and rightly so, of course. But he could not avoid the fouls, and before the game was 10 minutes old he had three. Two more and Seattle's key man would automatically be out of the game. The issue was decided with a full 30 minutes to go.

Thereafter, Baylor tried desperately to avoid committing himself on a defensive assignment until the last split-second, and his teammates ran themselves to exhaustion to help him. But Kentucky continued to get the ball to the man that Baylor was finally stuck with, and Baylor was obliged to choose between giving that man plenty of room for drives or shots or pressing him hard and running the risk of fouling out.

In the second half, Castellani tried to fend off the inevitable by putting his team in a zone defense. He had four men out front, running furiously

to cover five Kentuckians and kept Baylor under the basket where, at least, he was of value in rebounding. But there always had to be a free Kentucky player outside and, whether it was the sharpshooting Johnny Cox in a corner or the excellent jump-shooting Vernon Hatten near the top of the key, he scored.

It must be said for Baylor that, handicapped as he was by fouls and by a painful rib injury, he still scored 25 points in streaks of brilliant offensive play, and passed off daringly and well to his teammates. But Kentucky won 84-72.

Adolph Rupp had his fourth NCAA title. The man dedicated to winning as the only reason for playing or coaching had his victory. Rupp deserved this as no other coach ever deserved a victory.

But it must be reported, unhappily, that among many of his peers, this was not a popular victory (SI, Dec. 16). Adolph Rupp has made it clear often enough: "I am not engaged in a popularity contest. I want to win basketball games." He has followed this principle with public displays of tactlessness toward fellow coaches, thoughtless immodesty and the poor losing spirit that must seek an excuse for defeat. His attitude has antagonized many another coach, many a player, many a mere spectator over the years. It is to be hoped that after this particular victory—after honors to state any man—Adolph Rupp will at last strive for that real esteem, as a man and leader of young men, for which he has hung around all along without daring to admit it to himself.

END



STRATEGY WORKS. Kentucky's Crigler drives by Seattle's hapless Elgie Baylor.

CALAMITY FOR THE BIG MEN

by KENNETH RUDEEN

Photographs by Tony Triola

That was the story of the Sebring Grand Prix, although Ferrari's winning streak was remarkably confirmed

As a destroyer of racing cars, the course at Sebring, Florida has no equal. Its 5.2 miles of high-speed straightaways and sharp turns torment brakes, gearboxes and engines as no other circuit can.

Still, hardly anyone expected the fearful calamities that befell the most powerful cars and the most gifted drivers in last Saturday's 12-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance for sports cars at Sebring.

The weather held no threat; it was bright and balmy. The 65 cars were a ribbon of color on white concrete under the morning sun as their driv-

ers awaited the Le Mans-type start.

A count-down sent the drivers off on their short foot race across the track to the cars; then a Corvette, one-third of the only all-American entry, got away first, and the pack boded into the first turn. With traffic sorted out at the end of the first lap, there was this procession: Britain's great Stirling Moss in an Aston Martin leading 10 top 3-liter cars; his countryman Mike Hawthorn in a Ferrari; another Briton, Roy Salvadori, in the Aston's twin; California's Phil Hill, Ferrari; Britain's Archie Scott-Brown, Lister-Jaguar; Belgium's Olivier Gendebien, Ferrari; Illinois' Ed Crawford, Lister-Jaguar; Connecticut's John Fitch, Ferrari; Britain's Ivor Bueb, D Jaguar.

The smaller cars completed an engrossing spectacle, a field to remember, but it began to erode with remarkable speed.

Consider the case of Archie Scott-Brown. His Lister-Jaguar was tooling along on the fourth lap when suddenly there was a wheel alongside his right ear, with a Ferrari attached. Gendebien hadn't meant to drive up onto the Lister. It was just that Scott-Brown had slowed suddenly in front of him when a valve spring in the Jaguar engine broke and the engine sickened, and there was nowhere else to go.

Gendebien backed off and drove on (pitting for minor repairs), but the Jaguar valve spring ailment became epidemic. Soon Crawford retired, after his Lister-Jaguar made

"expensive metallic sounds"; then the Ecurie Ecosse D Jaguards, victors in the famed Le Mans race, did likewise; and, finally, the D Jaguar of New Jersey's Walt Hansgen perished similarly.

Recently revised to fit the new 3-liter formula for the world championship, the engines had not been fully tested. In fact, the factory cabled its suspicions of the valve springs the night before.

Moss was driving superbly, gaining a solid lead on the second Aston and the Ferraris of Hawthorn and Hill. On the 31st lap he recorded (unofficially) the fastest round of the day—3 minutes 20.3 second.. Not only a fine personal feat for Moss, it demonstrated how much the engineers are capable of improving a racing car when required to work to a maximum engine size.

After two hours, quick Ferrari pit work diminished Moss's big 2½-minute lead in a round of refueling stops. Co-driver Tony Brooks, furthermore, was sorely tried by the onrushing Ferraris of fellow Briton Peter Collins, leader of the polyglot Italian team. When Brooks handed the Aston back to Moss at four hours Collins became the leader; more fast pit work kept the lead for Collins' teammate Hill when he set forth again.

Meanwhile Texas' Carroll Shelby had relieved Salvadori in the other Aston, only to have it succumb to a malady in the differential. Moss wasn't happy with the same symptoms in his own car, nor was he much cheered when the small rectangular hood suddenly came loose, tore a large fragment from his plastic windshield, chipped his helmet visor and

NEW RECORD was set by Peter Collins and Phil Hill in Italian Ferrari which covered 200 laps at an average of 86.7 mph.





LUCKY NO. 14—THE WINNER—IS IN FOREGROUND. IT TOOK LEAD AFTER FOUR HOURS. FOR FULL SERRING RESULTS SEE PAGE 10

hanged the headrest. "Bonnet gone," wrote his pretty wife Kate on her timing chart.

"Bloody thing nearly tore my head off," said Moss a few laps later, when he also retired with differential ills.

Now all the English cars of the first rank were out. The sun was still high, and Ferraris Nos. 14, 15, 16 and 17 led the field in that order. Under an evening sky and the first fragile evidence of a new moon it was still quattordici, quindici, sedici, diciassette—Hill-Collins; Hawthorn and Co-driver Wolfgang von Trips of Germany; Gendebien and Italy's Luigi Musso; Californians John von Neumann and Richie Ginther.

Private Ferrari Owner Chester Flynn of New York, a General Motors executive for overseas plant construction, had flipped a 250TR and had been flown to St. Petersburg for treatment of a fractured shoulder and a reportedly severe eye injury. Valve trouble cost Johnny Fitch his bid for contention.

There was other bad news. The Hill-Collins Ferrari, No. 14, had hardly enough braking power left by mid-afternoon to retard a kiddie car; later on even that deteriorated. It was pump 'em up and pray, and still the scarlet No. 14 stayed a lap ahead.

And the Porsches, 1,150 pounds of no-nonsense racing machine (Ferraris weighed 1,717), were going well. Eventually most of them became afflicted, however, and only the 1,600-cc. Spyder of Harry Schell and Germany's Wolfgang Seidel remained in a challenging position to the end of the race.

At 7:40 p.m. the second-place No. 15 Ferrari of Hawthorn-Von Trips retired with a broken half-shaft; at 8:30, an hour and a half before the end of the race, the No. 17 Ferrari of Von Neumann-Ginther quit with a broken pinion gear.

That left two Ferraris up front, those of Hill-Collins and Gendebien-Musso, the latter having recovered spectacularly from its ascent of Scott-Brown's Lister. Behind in the first 10 came an amazing array of small sports racing cars and touring cars whose drivers never dreamed of such glory when the big cars were healthy.

Collins and Musso replaced Hill and Gendebien for the last laps. Someone massaged the shoulders of Musso's wife for good luck. Team Manager Oscar Tavoni ignored the noisy swarm of uninvited visitors at his back and kept his eyes open for quattordici and sedici. At last they

took the checkered flag, streaking across the finish line side by side, with No. 16 a lap behind No. 14.

For Hill and Collins it was a remarkable victory, considering the condition of their brakes, and a remarkable continuation of their winning streak as a team, following successive championship sports car victories at Caracas and Buenos Aires. Ferrari, of course, increased its lead in competition for the 1958 sports car championship.

By covering 200 laps in the 12 hours at an average speed of 86.7 mph, Hill and Collins erased the Sebring record of Fangio and Behra last year (197 laps). Their 300-hp V-12 Ferrari was 1½ liters smaller and less powerful by 100 hp than 1957's winning Maserati.

Ferrari had still more to celebrate. Two 3-liter touring Ferraris were fifth and seventh over-all, and one-two in class.

And for a real astonisher, the tiny 747-cc. Italian OSCA of Mr. and Mrs. Alejandro de Tomaso placed eighth and won the index of performance, assisted by a third driver, Texas' Robert Ferguson. Mrs. de Tomaso is the former Isabelle Haskell, daughter of Amory Haskell, president of Monmouth Park race track. **END**

SPECTACLE

Photographed by Richard Meek, John G. Zimmerman and Marvin Newman

Flags, Fun, Music —And Then a Horse Race

**Eight hours of vivid
entertainment, then Florida's
last effort to find the
East's answer to Silky Sullivan**

Not everyone would agree that an afternoon of good horse racing needs to be bolstered by a mixture of acts culled from the rodeo or aquacade. Such old-fashioned doubts, however, are enthusiastically rejected by James Donn, president of Gulfstream Park, and Horace Wade, who is Director of Racing at the Hallandale track. Ever since they hit on the idea in 1952, they have progressively transformed the day of the \$100,000 Florida Derby into what they now describe with pride and justification as "racing's greatest extravaganza."

From the moment the track's gates open on Derby Day this Saturday (9 a.m.), the huge crowd will be treated to an uninterrupted spectacle which will include music by a dance band, a Dixieland band and the University of Miami marching band; skilled water skiing on the infield lake; sailing exhibitions; a mounted Parade of States with a horsed police escort; trick riding by the Homestead Posse; and the leisurely cruise of the miniature side-wheeler *Swanee Quays*.

After eight hours of this entertainment, survivors will be warned by the Dixieland band's rendition of *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* that the horses are being called to the post for the Florida Derby itself. This race is the last major winter test for 3-year-olds, one of whom, after winning this mile-and-an-eighth race, is likely to be considered between then and Kentucky Derby day as the East's most hopeful answer to the West's own racing extravaganza, Silky Sullivan.

The logical candidate for this honor is Tim Tam, Calumet Farm's handsome and classically bred dark bay colt, who won the disputed Flamingo on a disqualification (SI, March 10) and who even more recently

continued on page 62

Racing is reinforced with acts culled from rodeo and aquacade





Gulfstream Park has seen many a thrilling performance by racing's top stars;



and this week's Florida Derby should bring together 1958's 3-year-old heroes



Barebacked TV cameramen eye 30,000 fans who cram park in perfect setting of water and palms

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Cato at Tilbury Docks

AFTER eight days at sea, the *Serapis* arrived at London's Tilbury Docks and deposited Manager Cus D'Amato and his heavyweight champion Floyd Patterson ashore for a campaign of exhibition bouts. It has not been revealed how Patterson whiled away the crossing, but he certainly cannot have been studying contemporary British boxing history, an unrewarding subject at best. Much to the dismay and astonishment of the writers, Patterson admitted that he just did not know the name of the British heavyweight champion.

"Have you ever heard of Joe Erskine?" asked one writer, aghast.

"I don't recall the name," said Patterson.

"Well," huffed the writer, "Erskine is the titleholder."

"Hm," said Patterson.

Manager D'Amato took over with an opening shot that many of his London listeners found just as bewildering as Patterson's ignorance.

"We must destroy the IBC," D'Amato said.

Now the British, with their training in the classics, should have no real trouble in understanding Cus. Marcus Cato, an older Roman, used to wrap into every speech, whatever the subject, the observation, "Moreover, Carthage must be destroyed."

Well, chaps, to Cus D'Amato the IBC is Carthage. And as a matter of fact, as you students of history will remember, Carthage WAS destroyed.

No Time for Jokes

THE WELTERWEIGHT championship eliminations were going along smoothly enough, with Vince Martinez standing by to meet the winner of the Virgil Akins-Isaac Logart bout

for Carmen Basilio's vacated welterweight title. Akins won, on a sixth-round TKO at Madison Square Garden Friday night, and that seemed to be that.

It was an upset, decidedly. The odds early in the week had favored Logart 8 to 6, widened to 9 to 7 Friday morning, and widened further to 11 to 5 at ringside.

The heavy odds were justified in the first five rounds, which Logart took 4-1 with fast, elusive maneuver-

ing. In the sixth, though, he unaccountably abandoned his successful style for a slower one, and Akins caught up with him. Logart went down from a long left hook to the jaw, followed by a right-hand push, and took a count of four from Referee Harry Kessler. Up again, he was battered along the ropes and, while he clung to them to keep from falling, Kessler started an eight count. He was being hit freely, but still on his

confused



Spirit of '58: the Old Guard marches on Augusta

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

feet, when Kessler stopped the fight, though there were only seven seconds to go in the round.

One might have expected a howl of protest from Logart's corner, but none was heard. No one going home from the fight thought it was anything too extraordinary nor, presumably, did the TV audience. Just another upset. Next day, though, it was learned that representatives of District Attorney Frank S. Hogan, the Hogan who broke the basketball scandals of 1951, had been quietly shoving subpoenas into reluctant hands at ringside, in the dressing rooms after the fight and during the traditional postfight lox-and-bagel break at Jack Dempsey's restaurant. The subpoenas called for recipients to appear before an April session of a grand jury which for some weeks has been looking into boxing's dirty business.

That was about all Hogan had to say for public consumption, except that "more than a dozen" subpoenas had been passed out. Among those who got them:

Billy Brown, New York matchmaker for the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president).

Fighters Logart and Aldina.

Eddie Mafux, manager of Logart.

Willie Ketchum, one of Frankie (Murder, Inc.) Carbo's familiars, who turned up as a second in Logart's corner.

Jimmy White, who was Julio Mederese' manager when Mederese knocked out Harold Johnson with the aid of a doped orange in Philadelphia three years ago.

Mushky McGee, a minor character around the IBC offices.

There were others. Bernie Gluckman and Eddie Yawitz, co-managers of Akina, denied that they had been served.

A spokesman for Hogan, hinting that some tapped and taped prefight Garden telephone conversations may be heard by the grand jurors, said the subpoenas "may have had something to do with the betting on last night's fight but that would be secondary."

The subpoenas were a great surprise to Julius Helfand, the boxing commissioner who was appointed to clean up the sport in New York.

"If criminality is involved," Helfand said with commendable logic and composure, "it's a matter for the district attorney and the grand jury."

Only the other day Billy Brown and Mushky McGee were telling a

sports columnist friend about how, from time to time, district attorneys had questioned them about mob influence in boxing and about the witty denials they had made to frustrate their questioners. This time, though, wit may not be appropriate. The subpoena holders will be under oath.

Tip to A&F

A SERIOUS & FITCH, the venerable New York sporting goods firm, this month opened its newest campaign, a five-story building on San Francisco's Post Street with a copper-lined casting pool on the roof and a 50-foot target range in the basement.

While the finishing touches have not yet been completed—a beady-eyed rhino is undergoing plastic surgery on its left ear before being



mounted on the gun mezzanine—A&F stood prepared, as always, to outfit a safari, aid in harpooning a whale (Greener harpoon gun, range 50 to 60 feet, \$360) or supply a pair of 50¢ woven golf wristlets.

Although its baseball department is feeling a bit bullish about the coincidental advent of the New York Giants, another venerable New York firm—"We're primed for business," says Mr. Floor Manager—it is not quite as prepared as it should be. A&F does have a full line of Little League chest protectors and Hank Sauer and John Antonelli gloves—but no Willie Mays bats! In fact, Mr. F.M. was wondering just the other day whether there is, indeed, such an item.

Tut, tut, Mr. F.M., of course there is, and you'd better get them in stock before Willie starts knocking that old apple over San Francisco's left field fence. The bats come in three models: No. 302, No. 302J and No. 302S and are manufactured by Adirondack Bats, Inc., Dolgeville, N.Y.

They Said It

DUFFY DAUGHERTY, Michigan State football coach, explaining his interest in music while introducing the Notre Dame glee club to an East Lansing audience: "I used to play the violin when I was younger, but one day I broke all the strings and I just didn't have the guts to play it after that."

JIM MCCAFFERTY, coach of Xavier University, surprise winner of the NIT basketball tournament, who was kanged in effigy this season after losing a few: "Not all the juvenile delinquents are in the poolrooms. Some are in the classrooms."

BUZZIE BAVASI, general manager of the Los Angeles Dodgers, on the subject of Duke Snider's bum left knee and the 250-foot distance to the left field fence in L.A.: "We're not worried about Duke. If he can't play center, he'll play left. He won't hardly have to run there. All he'll have to do is turn around and watch the ball go over."

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU, India's yoga-practicing Prime Minister: "Standing on my head increases my good humor."

Willie himself uses the No. 302, two or three dozen of them a year, but No. 302 would be a little too long and heavy for the kids. No. 302J and No. 302S are your best bet, and you'd better hurry. Opening Day is April 15.

Church Night

IN THE SPRING ballplayers are supposed to concentrate almost exclusively on such matters as lifting up their batting and fielding averages and raising their pitching efficiency. Last week in St. Petersburg, Fla. a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* baseball reporter ran into another kind of uplift for which there is no label in the standard box scores. Purely in the interest of baseball, the reporter invited Lindy and Von McDaniel, the two fine young Cardinal pitchers, to dinner. Lindy accepted on behalf of himself, his wife Augie and his brother. Then he recalled, "This is church night; you come along with us."

Promptly they arrived at the Central Church of Christ a few minutes before the meeting was to begin. "Good evening, Brother Lindy. Good evening, Sister Augie. Evening, Brother Von," was the greeting that came from a small group gathered in the center aisle as they entered.

Promptly at 7:15 the congregation of 21 took seats, and the meeting began. After the first hymn a young man in a blue suit led the congregation in prayer, then announced it was time for Bible recitation. Lindy McDaniel handed his Bible to his would-be dinner host.

"It's customary for everyone to recite a passage from the Bible," Lindy whispered.

"That doesn't include me, does it?" the reporter mumbled.

"It's customary," said Lindy.

Quicker than Lindy could shake off a catcher's signal, the reporter was reading nervously from the first Psalm. Lindy then read from *I Timothy* in a clear, calm voice: "Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing thus thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee."

After Lindy came the lesson from



"Now that Comrade Khrushchev has been re-elected, do you think we will get another appropriation for our group gymnastics program around here?"

Rousseau, and when the meeting was over and everybody filed out, the reporter and the McDaniels finally had their baseball talk. The reporter did not mind at all this delay in getting down to the business of the evening, but he was surprised next morning when he found that he could not remember enough of the baseball talk to make a story.

Mr. C. is Topic A

IN ONE LITTLE TALK," said Gino Cimoli, "Campy did more than anybody to make me a big leaguer. It was on that trip to Japan in 1956. One day in Tokyo I scored from second on a fly to deep center. Campanella was sitting against the wall next to the dugout, and as I went by he said, 'Hey, Daig, I want to see you at the hotel tonight if you got time.'

"I was a busher and Campy was a star, so I had time. He talked to me for over an hour, and I don't suppose I ever spent time any better in my life. He said, 'Look, Gino'—he called me Gino most of the time, but sometimes he called me Daig and sometimes Crazy—he said, 'I watched you

score from second today and you can run. Back in the States you been giving the impression that you couldn't do nothin', that you were lazy and didn't want to play.

"Some guys are lucky that they don't get to play much, because if they played, the club would find out how lousy they really are. You aren't like that. You can throw and hit and run, but that's not enough.

"I'm a colored player. I didn't have as tough a time as Jackie did breaking in, but I had my knocks. I had to hustle.

"I don't know why your attitude is like it is, but if you don't start hustling you'll just be a good minor league player all your life. When spring training starts, you do the same way you're doing here in Japan. Stop popping off, stay out of trouble and play."

"Next spring," said Cimoli, "I remembered what he said. And I made the club because of Campy."

"We were in my office," said Charlie Dresen, "the day after the 1954 playoffs with the Giants, cutting up

continued

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

our second-place money. The whole bunch was there, and not feeling too happy. The phone rang, and it was for Pee Wee. I guess some friend wanted to tell him how sorry he was at the way things had turned out. Anyway, Pee Wee kept saying, 'Well, I guess the good Lord just didn't want us to win it.' When he hung up Campy said to him, 'Don't say that, Pee Wee. Don't go blaming the Lord for what we should have done.'"

"In 1953, we both had great years," said Don Newcombe. "Campy was MVP again, and I won 20. The phone was ringing in our room all the time—people asking us to go out, to make appearances, everything. Campy would answer the phone and then tell me, like a butler, 'Mr. Winston Churchill wants to know if we can make it for dinner tonight.' Or he might say, 'Cairo, Egypt is calling Mr. Don Newcombe.'"

"The next year, when I was winning 27 and he was going bad, he'd say, 'Roomie, how come you get all the phone calls and I get none?'"

"Then the year after that we both went bad and the phone stopped ringing altogether. Campy would say, 'Man, this is awful. Nobody calls us. I left a 10 o'clock wake-up with the hotel operator this morning and even she didn't call. I guess that means we are really lousy.'"

"My roomie was the greatest," said Newcombe. "Make that is the greatest. When I was down, he picked me up. When he was down, he picked himself up. When we both were down, he picked us both up."

Around the Dodger camp this spring, players are usually greeted with two questions: "How you been?" and, "How's Campy doing?" The Community Hospital at Glen Cove, N.Y. reports that Roy Campanella is doing very well. He has been a patient there since his neck was broken January 28 in an automobile accident which almost certainly put an end to his baseball career. He is still paralyzed from the shoulders down but can now move his wrists and straighten out his arms. In the near future, the hospital authorities say,

Campanella will be allowed to receive visitors. Meanwhile, both at the hospital and at his home, people who want to know how Campy is doing keep the phones ringing day after day. They are not Dodger fans, of course, since there are no longer Dodgers in Brooklyn. They are former Dodger fans who are Campanella fans still.

Alert for Suburbia

THE TALK THESE DAYS RUNS to travel in outer space, but a Detroit automotive engineer thinks there are still a few improvements to be made in surface travel right here on this old-fashioned earth. The engineer, D. C. Woods, in a paper delivered before a meeting of colleagues, said that there are unlimited possibilities in the design of that bane and boon of the suburban housewife, the station wagon.

The station wagon of the future, Mr. Woods confides, will be a kind of living room on wheels with cooking facilities, television, built-in bunks, plumbing, bridge tables, even revolving lounge chairs and, presumably, wall-to-wall carpeting. Of course, Mr. Woods intends this rolling home to be used for long family trips, but the prospect is that the suburban housewife, who now doubles as taxicab driver in delivering her husband to

the station, her children to school and her neighbors to the Red Cross, one day may find herself not only keeping house, but keeping the station wagon, too.

Or, just possibly, the wives would prefer that Engineer Woods keep it—all of it.

Sage of Sagamore

THROUGH the years, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, the restless 45-year-old sportsman, has built a glowing reputation as a genius in the naming of the Thoroughbreds that rolled off his Sagamore Farm in Glynndon, Md.

By mixing the names of the sire and dam, stirring them under his hat for hours, he would pour them forth dripping with delight and meaning. For instance, he named his colt by Shut Out (out of Pansy) Social Outcast. To another colt (by Polynesia from Geisha) he gave a name that will be remembered as long as horses run—Native Dancer.

This spring the corse-and-white diamonds of Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt will be back on the nation's race tracks in full force. Having devoted two years to the World Veterans Fund, Alfred has decided that the pressures of business are light enough to allow him to continue in racing, his true love. His "new" stable is composed of about 30 horses, 18 of them 2-year-olds, five of them sired by Native Dancer. Alfred has shown in his names that none of the old touch is lost. Here are some of the new, approved names:

Missionary Stew (Native Dancer out of Buffet Supper), Dance All Night (Native Dancer out of Puckey Maid), Sit This Out (Native Dancer out of Sitting Duck), Hit and Run (Grand Slam out of Wander), Booby Prize (Tom Fool out of Good Example), Ever So Humble (Stone Age out of Grass Shack), New Regime (Occupy out of Clean Sweep), Polygamist (Polynesian out of Femme Fatale), Whirling Dervish (Mahmoud out of Puff of Smoke), Sadie Hawkins (Loose Weeper out of Red Letter Day) and Jailbird (Occupy out of Slave Bracelet).



Little Willie Comes of Age (Atomic, That Is)

Willie, with complete aplomb,
Tried to dribble an atom bomb.
Blinking at the mushroomed heir,
Pa said, "E is ee square."

—CONRAD DIECKMANN

DEL WEBB'S LITTLE GERRYMANDER

NOR having been present, this magazine is not quite sure how history's most earth-shaking decisions came to be born. It may be that all of them sprang from the most casual kind of remark dropped over some bar or dinner table during a lull in the conversation. Picture a faintly bored Karl Marx kneading his whiskers while remarking idly: "Might not be a bad idea if the masses had a shot at running things, y'know. Worth a try anyway." Or perhaps a Sigmund Freud saying unguardedly, "What about your folks? Like 'em?" It may be that that's the way such things get started, and it may be that Millionaire Del E. Webb, co-owner (with Millionaire Dan Topping) of the New York Yankee baseball team, was being just as casual as he passed through West Palm Beach last week. It may be, but we're inclined to doubt it.

What Webb said in his once-over-lightly on the subject of big league ball was casual enough on the surface, and he evinced considerable surprise that anyone should get worked

up over it. He was talking mostly about the difficulties of travel during the upcoming season, and he threw in a suggestion: "If you'd just switch two clubs, putting the Philadelphia Phillies in the American League and the Kansas City Athletics in the National, both leagues would be operating along more workable lines." "Humm," you might say, "not a bad notion, Del. Well, what else is new?" But wait a minute.

To the reporters listening, Webb's remark did not have at all the ring of casual conversation. The Yankee owner's fortune is rooted in the construction business where carefully prepared blueprints are essential to success. Even his lightest wish carries huge weight in the high councils of baseball. What Del Webb seemed to many to be offering was a blueprint for a radically new baseball construction realigning the old leagues into a new East and West conference system in which two-team Chicago would sit alone on the Great Divide.

This plan would permit Webb's

plane-bating Yankees to cover their eastern territory more easily by train, remove the danger of National League competition (by TV or railroad) in Philadelphia, and leave the Bronx-men kings in the New York area. It might in time open the way for the admission of extra teams in each league (Seattle and Denver, maybe, in the West; Minneapolis and Toronto in the East) without increased travel problems. It would, of course, mean a good deal of flying for the National Leaguers, and it would mean some heart-breaking shifts in loyalty for fans in Philadelphia and Kansas City, but that, of course, is not Webb's problem. Basically Webb's gerrymandering of baseball would benefit the Yankees.

Would it benefit baseball as a whole? Well, Del Webb reminds us of Engine Charlie Wilson. "What's good for the Yankees is good for baseball," we can imagine Del saying—and can imagine him adding, "Anyhow, what's good for the Yankees is good for the Yankees."

BUSY DEL WEBB, A YANKEES-FIRST THINKER, DROPPED INTO WEST PALM BEACH AND LOFTED AN ALMOST CASUAL TRIAL BALLOON





AWAYED in stern of Commodore Richard H. Grant Jr.'s cruiser at the Key Largo (Fla.) Club, an exclusive anglers' rendezvous, are Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Kling, Commodore Grant and Mrs. and Mr. James Gates. Vacationers all hail from Dayton, Ohio, where the commodore is the president of a general printing concern.



SELECTING weapons for a spot of gunning at Key Largo Club are Mr. and Mrs. Jack Galatly, P. K. Leberman and Mrs. Grant. The sport preceded a spectacular ball (right).

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

THE FASHIONABLE THING TO DO

SKATING in the rain on the rooftop rink of New York's Town Tennis Club is Gretchen Merrill Gay, former U.S. champion, during Break the Ice party thrown by Girls Club of N.Y. Arthur McGowan, Dr. Frank Gump, Ted Dee Craig look on.



CAVORTING in the snow at Thunderbird Inn at Snoqualmie Summit, Washington, is ski school instructress Betty Flagg, who was modeling a new collection of swimsuits for skiing housewives and their guests until an enterprising photographer lured her outside.





in which the guests were costumed as the denizens, mainly scoundrels, of history's several gold coasts—Africa, the French Riviera, Florida, California and Chicago.



GOLD COAST ball at Key Largo finds Benson Ford attired as the complex Barbary Coast gambler, Mrs. Ford as a dance-hall hostess of the era, and Commodore and Mrs. Grant as divers gambling devices. Guests and members arrived on 45 yachts (ranging from 75 to 125 feet), 12 seaplanes, two amphibians and four helicopters.

Having a grand if silly old time, even though it meant crowning yourself with a dice cage or a precarious tower of straw and plumes, romping in the snow in a bathing suit, cutting figures in the rain or weeping

over a broken string, seemed to be the fashionable thing to do this month. For spring, that ancient sorceress, was insinuating her magic from San Juan, Puerto Rico to Snoqualmie Summit in Washington

INCREDIBLE CHAPEAUX topping Mmes. Connie Almonte, Betty Gazardi and Lynn van Horn were objects of a competition at San Juan's Caribe Hilton Hotel. Mrs. Gazardi's creation, featuring handmade wooden birds, was among prizewinners.

ANGUISHED Judy Elliot, Karen Foessen bawl as Lincoln High (Seattle) loses to Richland 53-49 in Washington State basketball tourney, ending 38-game win streak. Now Washington U. co-eds, girls wore old high school uniforms to crash into sold-out arena.



WHOOOP & HOLLER WITH BLADES

Fencing, with its dignified traditions and rigid training discipline, is commonly thought of as being long on decorum and short on whoop-and-holler. This may have been so in other times and other places, but in U.S. intercollegiate circles the duel is something to get excited about. So when Columbia University won the three-weapon crown at the 61st Intercollegiate Fencing Association championships in New York the other day, the very chandeliers trembled from the force of the team's victory yell (right). Once primarily an eastern school sport, fencing has spread cross-country. A few days after these IFA championships, fencers from 25 colleges met in Lubbock, Texas for the 14th NCAA contests. Illinois won and Columbia was second.

Photographed by A. John Geraci



ROARING LIONS are members of Columbia's crack sabre team which won IFA title. From left to right: Joseph Bloom, Frank Parisi, Coach Irving DeKoff, Charles Golden and Jay Nelson.



VICTORIOUS NYU FOIL TEAM of Martin Davis, Donald Ahrens and Abraham Kadish pose with Coach Hugo M. Castello (left) after winning the Little Iron Man, oldest intercollegiate sport trophy.

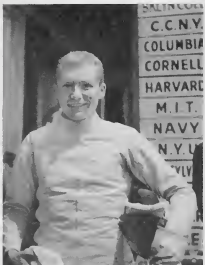




PAUL LEVY OF PRINCETON (below, at left) gracefully parries a thrust by John Powell of Yale during three-way fenc-off for the *épée* championship. Levy won this one 5-1, later took title.



MIKE DeSARO OF NYU is almost bowled over by some enthusiastic followers after beating Columbia's Frank Parisi 5-2 for the sabre title. In contrast, Parisi (left) is all alone in defeat.



JOHN NORTON OF YALE flashes broad grin after winning 15 of 16 matches to gain individual foil championship. He was named Fencer of the Year in the NCAA tournament at Lubbock, Texas.



GERMANY'S VOLKSWAGEN, on home ground in the village of Celle, leads foreign-car sales in the U.S. by a wide margin. Buyers wait as long as a year for delivery.



ITALY'S FIAT 1100, a shiny modern note here in the old-fashioned market place, is

HERE IS THE SMALL INVASION

Next week the International Automobile Show opens in New York with latest models of European cars that are heading for another record U.S. year

THESE FOREIGN AUTOMOBILES that have provoked so many hurrahs and so many headaches in the United States will be shown under one roof in a few days at a whopping exhibition in New York. From April 5 to 13 they will occupy (along with a few Detroit models) some 200,000 square feet of floor space at the International Automobile Show in Manhattan's Coliseum. There will be passenger cars, elegant and plain, sports cars and minicars—a massive reminder that foreign cars have taken deep root in America.

Three years ago the number sold in the U.S. was trifling. In 1956, however, it jumped to 98,187 and last year to 396,827. That was a healthy 3.5% of the American market. Right

now the imports are coming in at an even faster rate than in 1957, and there is every reason to look for a new sales record this year.

This is exceedingly distasteful to the Detroit automobile manufacturers. Every time a Detroit executive hears the *Auspost* of a new Volkswagen, he is apt to mutter darkly about "lowered standards of living." His own current sales charts give him no lift, because the 1958 domestic models are off to a slow start. He is worried about the business recession, and the nation is worried about him, since Detroit's ills cause tremors all over the country.

Detroit, then, is concerned about the foreign cars—not primarily because of the volume of sales, but be-

cause the upswing shows a measurable preference for cars Detroit does not build. In a good business year Detroit would not be concerned. If the domestic slump is prolonged, however, and the small car market becomes potentially profitable for U.S.-built models, Detroit is sure to act aggressively.

So far, with one minor exception, Detroit has met the European challenge in a practical way only by bringing in cars produced by its foreign subsidiaries. These have done very well. Sales of English-built Fords, for example, more than quadrupled in 1957, reaching 17,082. Sales of American Motors' little English-built Metropolitan increased from 7,145 in 1956 to 11,791 last year. General Motors has recently begun to import its English-built Vauxhall (1,500 a month) and German-built Opel (1,000 a month). Chrysler and Studebaker-Packard have no convenient foreign-made car to exploit, but S-P has taken over U.S. distribution of the distinguished German Mercedes-Benz cars. Chrysler is understandably shy



its country's foremost challenger for big share of American small-car dollar flow.



FRANCE'S RENAULT DAUPHINE, here in the village of Montfort-Lamaury, is second-best foreign-car seller in U.S. Last year was first big U.S. year; 1958 will be bigger.

FROM EUROPE

of the small-car field after its sad experiences with a small Plymouth in the early 1950s.

The exception to the general practice is American Motors' revival of its 100-inch-wheelbase Rambler American. But then the dies were already on hand, and the 1958 production schedule calls for only 25,000 cars. The Big Three are not likely to make the \$300 million gamble of tooling up for a small car until the potential market becomes a good deal larger.

WAR OF NERVES

Until then Detroit will go its accustomed way, and the minority of buyers who prefer foreign cars will go theirs. In the running war of nerves between Detroit and these dissidents, some automakers choose to label the latter "the narrow-shoulder crowd." Many partisans of the imported cars, in return, are extreme in their verbal barbs at Detroit. This has not prevented Chevrolet from undertaking a crash program to prepare a 1959 model over larger than 1958's.

Meanwhile, the small-foreign-car buyer is being analyzed extensively. Usually he has an above-average income; still, he says he bought his car primarily for economy of operation or low initial cost. In a large number of cases it is his family's second car; he finds it well-made and easy to maneuver and park; he would buy a small car again.

A point missed by most of the surveys, though, is the close link between the rise of small-passenger-car sales and the growth of the U.S. sports car movement.

A spectator at an American sports-car race cannot fail to notice the large number of foreign passenger cars in the parking fields. The European sports cars and the people who show them off have acquired chic and glamour—and even created new styles in clothes.

This sports-car gloss has carried over to the small European sedans. It is reasonable to assume that Volkswagen did not lead the list in 1957 merely because more than 64,000 U.S.

buyers wanted an inexpensive car delivering 30 to 40 miles per gallon of gas. They obtained that, to be sure, but they were getting a fashionable car as well, in spite of the droop-snoot appearance and plainness of their mounts.

Beyond that, they were getting a car that had many genuine sports-car qualities: a short wheelbase, quick steering, a useful gearbox, excellent road-holding in fast turns—advantages shared in varying degrees by all the small imports.

If the cars are pinched for passenger and trunk space, underpowered and in some cases awkward to service by American standards, the buyers are not making much fuss about it. Potential VW buyers are waiting up to a year for delivery through regular channels; impatient ones are supporting a brisk bootleg market, paying up to \$300 over the normal price, and used-car depreciation is amazingly slight.

The perky Renault Dauphine from France, Volkswagen's top challenger, found more than 22,586 buyers here in 1957, up from less than 2,500 in 1956. Fiat, Italy's largest auto manufacturer, crashed the market last year

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


and here's why **Jockey** T-shirts fit so perfectly

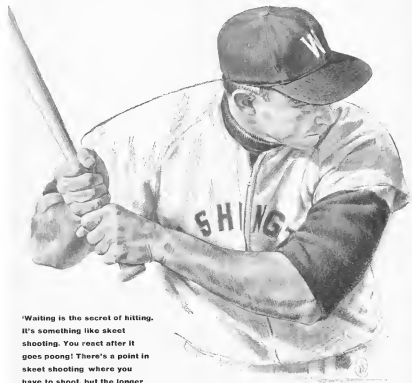
First thing you'll notice is the superior collar—it fits smoother, more comfortably, because it is twin stitched and nylon reinforced. You'll like the way it lies flat and smooth. Keeps its shape, too, even after countless washings. And the body of the shirt fits your body just right—not too tight, not too loose. Free, comfortable arm movement guaranteed. Tailored extra-long to stay tucked in. Dress right—dress comfortably—in smooth, trim Jockey T-shirts.

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ROY SIEVERS ON THE ART OF HITTING



'Waiting is the secret of hitting. It's something like skeet shooting. You react after it goes poong! There's a point in skeet shooting where you have to shoot, but the longer you wait up to that point, the surer your aim is'

TOLD TO ROBERT CREAMER

Illustrations by Robert Riger

When Roy Sievers beat out Ted Williams and Mickey Mantle to win the American League's home-run and runs-batted-in championships in 1957, the casual fan began to realize what major leaguers had long appreciated: that here was one of the finest hitters in the game. Rookie of the Year in 1949, Roy later suffered a bad slump and a disabling shoulder injury that almost brought about his retirement. A successful operation restored his strength and the beautiful swing so admired by his fellow professionals.

The principal difference between hitting in the minors and hitting in the majors—or maybe I should say, the difference between a minor league hitter and a major league hitter—is knowledge. In the majors you have to study things all the time in order to be able to hit as well as you are able. A few years ago I was talking to Ted Williams about hitting, and he asked me, “Do you watch the pitchers all the time?” I said, “No, not all the time.” Ted said, “You should. You should watch them every minute, watch their motion, over and over again, watch what they throw to you, what they throw to you at certain times, what they throw to other hitters. Watch how they throw the fast ball, where it goes, and how they throw the curve. Watch them off the time.”

You watch the pitcher to learn his mannerisms. You keep watching and watching and all of a sudden you realize something that he's doing. He does things he doesn't know himself that he does. Maybe he brings the ball up back of his head on the fast ball. Maybe just to

his forehead on his curve. Or some little thing. You keep watching. As you get more familiar with a pitcher you're not so apt to be fooled by him.

Knowing the pitchers, studying them, isn't so much to help you guess on a pitch as it is to react fast to a pitch. Something in his delivery that you see at the last second means a fast ball or a curve, or where he's aiming, and you're sort of more ready for that pitch than you would be if you didn't know.

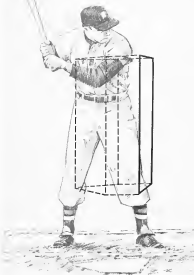
When you're actually at bat, you have to watch the ball all the time. Keep your eye on the ball every instant. Watch it in the pitcher's hand as he winds up. Watch it as he brings his arm down to throw. Try to watch it come out of his hand. Watch it as it comes to the plate. Try to keep your eye on it right up to when it hits your bat. I don't think you really can see the ball hit the bat, but try to. That keeps your eye on the ball to the very last instant. The more you watch, the better you see a pitch. Williams says he can tell the spin of the ball four or five feet after it leaves the pitcher's hand. Stan



A BAT should be just a bit top-heavy, the weight out in the barrel. I like to lay the handle across the meat of my hand.

WHILE YOU'RE WAITING for the pitch, you should hold the bat back, all the time. Hold it steady but not too tight. Control it but don't tense up on it. And always be ready to swing.

THE STRIKE ZONE is something a batter should keep in mind at all times, even in batting practice. He should never swing at any pitches outside the strike zone.



Musial says he can see the pitch seven or eight feet out from the pitcher and know whether it's going to be good or not—depending on who the pitcher is and what his good pitches are. The better you are at watching the pitch as it comes to you, the longer you can wait before you swing. And that's important—waiting as long as you can before committing yourself.

You watch everything, you study everything. Even the umpires. You have to know the umpires. I mean, the way they operate. It doesn't do any good to argue with them because one calls a pitch a strike that another umpire would call a ball. Some umpires are high-ball umpires, some are low-ball umpires. Some people say that the National League is a low-strike league and the American a high-strike league. [That is, that the entire strike zone is, in practice, a little higher in the American League, with the result that more low pitches are called strikes in the National and more high pitches are called strikes in the American.] I don't believe it's a league thing so much. I think it depends on the individual umpire. Some just call strikes a little lower. You have to know them. I study them, too, just like I study everything.

Now, just about the most important thing a hitter has to know is the strike zone. You have to know that a pitch is a ball or a strike. You have to know the um-

pire's strike zone, what he considers a ball or a strike. Even more important, you have to know your own strike zone. That is, you have to know for sure that for you this pitch is one you can hit. There are pitches that are called strikes that won't be in your own strike zone, and you try not to swing at those if you can avoid it. But when you get a pitch in your strike zone, boy, hit it! Don't wait around. Let the pitcher know that you're there to hit. The more strikes you take, the better advantage the pitcher has.

There are pitches that are outside the strike zone that it's possible to hit real good, too. I'd say a true strike zone wouldn't be squarish—rectangular, the way it is now, for the umpire to call strikes and balls—but actually roundish. You could hit a low pitch down the middle or a waist-high pitch outside, for example. You could hit them as well as pitches two inches higher or two inches closer, but it's better to learn to lay off those pitches, because they are balls. If you get in the habit of hitting them, you'll get some extra hits for a while, but the pitchers will know that you're doing it and they'll start pitching you a little further outside and a little lower. And then you won't know when to swing and when to let the ball go.

All you do going after bad pitches is to make your strike zone bigger, and the bigger the strike zone the better it is for the pitcher. I remember back a few years I was swinging at pitches that were fairly high. The umpires told me, "Roy, lay off that high pitch. That's a ball. Lay off it."

When I say, know your own strike zone, I mean there's only certain pitches you swing at. You lay off all the others. Except when it's two strikes and you have

continued



BAD PITCHES outside the strike zone can be hit, but it's better to leave them alone. Swinging at them only enlarges your own strike zone, and all that helps is the pitcher.

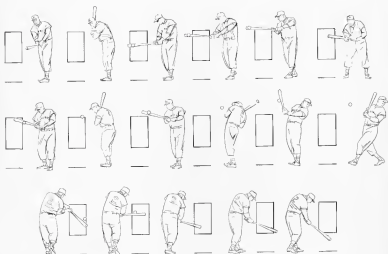
no choice. Then you'll have to swing at some pitches. Like a good fast ball high on the inside corner. That's a tough pitch for me to hit. So I stay off it until I have to swing at it.

You should keep your strike zone in mind all the time, even in batting practice. Batting practice is important.

It's not just fooling around. It's an exercise, it's getting loosened up, getting your timing sharp. The mistake some fellows make in batting practice is not swinging at strikes. That is, they swing at anything. They should swing only at pitches they would swing at in a game.

In batting practice you should stand at the plate the way you would in a game. If you move around, move around the way you might in a game. Where you stand

continued



THE BATTER UP. Top row: waiting, swinging at the outside pitch and bunting. Middle row: swinging at, taking and fouling

away from inside pitches. Bottom row: hitting good "base hit" pitches in the strike zone, then golfing a low bad one.



STAND in the batter's box where you feel you can best cover the plate with your bat. I used to stand way in the back of the box with an open stance (left), but I had trouble with some pitches on the outside corner of the plate. Now I stand

farther forward with an even stance (center) where I can hit that outside pitch. If a pitcher is throwing inside to me, I'll sometimes move back from the plate a few inches (right). If he starts to pitch me on the outside again, I move back in.



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in the box depends on where you can best cover the plate. I used to stand way in the back of the box, with an open stance. Charley Dressen and Cookie Lavagetto, when they came to the Senators, got me to move up in the box and stand even. They said I couldn't reach the outside corner of the plate from where I used to stand. Now I can. I can hit that outside pitch through the middle. Sometimes, if a pitcher is working me close, I'll move back in the box, away from the plate. That's another thing Ted Williams told me. I was talking to him one day about all the trouble I was having with the inside pitches. That's all they were throwing me, inside pitches. Ted said, "Do you ever move back from the plate?" I said, "No." He said, "Try it. Move back, just a few inches. Then if they come on the inside corner, you can hit the ball. If they come too far inside, it'll be a ball. If they start going to the outside again, move back in."

A smart catcher will know you shift like that, but you do it anyway because you have to counteract what the pitcher is doing. If you do everything the same way all the time, he's going to get you.

Things like the right stance in the box, the right kind of strike, the right kind of bat, are all things you decide

that's all. Just enough to give me better control of the bat, to move it to meet the pitch.

When you stand there, keep your left shoulder up where you can see it when you're looking out at the pitcher. That's the best way to keep your shoulders level, and if your shoulders are level that keeps your swing smooth. If you lean in, you dip your shoulder, and then you either swing down at the pitch or you lose your smoothness in trying to level the swing.

Hold the bat, you know, firm, but not too tight. Control it, but don't tense on it. When you wait for a pitch, keep the bat back. Always hold it back, even when you're taking a bad pitch. Always be ready to hit, even at the last second. The big secret of hitting is waiting until the last instant to swing. If you don't have the bat back there, then you can't swing.

Hold the bat steady. I used to have a tendency to swing it in circles, swing the top of the bat in little circles, when I was waiting for a pitch. Zack Taylor—or somebody, I'm pretty sure it was Zack—told me, "If you stop moving the bat like that, it might just give you a smoother, more level swing." And it did.

Don't swing hard. When I swing hard I have a tendency to turn my head and lunge. My back shoulder drops. My body turns first and drags the bat after it. My head goes up and I lose sight of the ball as it comes

KEEP THE SWING SMOOTH and control it. If I swing hard I turn my head and drop my shoulder and lose sight of the ball (left). You should be able to stop your bat in mid-swing (center) if you don't want the pitch. But you must also be able to pull it up out of the way (right).

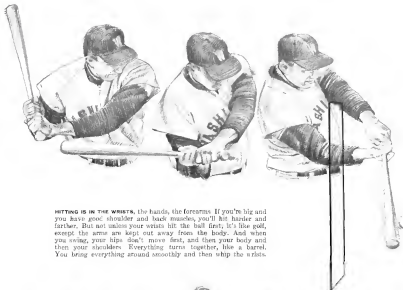


on yourself. Maybe somebody'll tell you to try something different, and it works better, but it all depends on yourself and what you can do. Like a stride. Munn had a pretty big stride. I have a little one, just a couple of inches. DiMaggio hardly had any stride. It's all a matter of control, of leverage. In a bat, the main thing is good balance. I like a bat a little top-heavy, just a little top-heavy, so the weight is out in the barrel. You grip it where you want to. Some people say you should have the handle of the bat along the fingers of the right hand, so you can feel it, you know? But I like to have it right across my palm, right in the meat of my hand, where I can grab it. When you have two strikes on you, you have to protect the plate, so I choke up a little on the bat, for better leverage. Maybe an inch,

over the plate. When you swing hard at a pitch you're trying to hit with your body, with all your strength. But hitting is all in the wrists, the hands, the forearms. Oh, if you're big and you have good shoulder muscles and back muscles, you'll hit harder and farther, but not unless your wrists hit the ball first. It's like in golf. You've got to bring everything through smoothly and then whip the wrists.

When you swing, your hips don't move first, and then your body, and then your shoulders. Everything turns together, smoothly, like a barrel. You have to keep your arms out away from your body when you swing. Otherwise you get all tied up, and you can't bring your arms and wrists through.

continued



HITTING IS IN THE WRISTS, the hands, the forearms. If you're big and you have good shoulder and back muscles, you'll hit harder and farther. But not unless your wrists hit the ball first, it's like golf, except the arms are kept out away from the body. And when you swing, your hips don't move first, and then your body and then your shoulders. Everything turns together, like a barrel. You bring everything around smoothly and then whip the wrists.



ROY SIEVERS continued

On the pitch, you have to watch the ball, all the time. The better you are at watching the pitch as it comes to you, the more you can wait before you swing. I can wait. I believe you can learn to wait. If you have good wrists, quick reflexes, you can learn to wait. The man with the best reflexes—like Musial or Williams—can wait the longest, but I think anybody can train himself to wait longer.

Waiting is the secret of hitting. It's something like skeet shooting. You react after it goes *poom!* There's a point in skeet shooting where you have to shoot. You can't wait any longer. But the longer you can wait up to that point, the surer your aim is. The batter who has to swing almost while the pitcher is winding up won't hit as well as the batter who can wait until after the pitcher has thrown the ball.

You're always set for the last ball. You have to be, because it gets there so fast. But you have to be ready

to hit the curve, too, and you can, especially if you wait to the last minute before committing yourself.

You have to be ready for the brush-back pitch, too. They don't throw at you as much in the American League as they do in the National, from what I hear. I understand they do it a lot over there. In the American League they brush you back. I don't have to hit the dirt more than once or twice a year. Erv Palica knocked me down. He was from Brooklyn, from the Dodgers, and Dremen warned us about the way they threw at the hitters. He threw one at me and I got out of the way. Then there was a strike, and then he threw at me again. I got out of the way. Then there was another strike, and then he threw at me again and he hit me in the head. I was turning my head and it just brushed the front of my cap. I was O.K., but they sent me to the hospital for X-rays to be sure. I was on the ground after that pitch. I looked out at Palica and I said, "Boy, you got a nerve throwing at me."

On a brush-back pitch, I lean back and I pull my bat



back with me. Some guys leave the bat out in front of them, and as they fall away the ball hits the bat for a foul.

You have to control the bat. I used to have a habit—I still do, as a matter of fact, though I'm cutting down on it—in which I'd start to swing and then decide to lay off the pitch. But all I'd do would be to stop my bat, and there it'd be, out over the plate, sitting there. The pitch would hit it and, bloop, there'd be a sick little grounder to the pitcher. Last year I didn't do that more than a couple of times, but I had to really train myself to snap that bat back out of there. I can stop a swing, I've got good hands, but it doesn't do any good unless you get the bat out of the way. Now, when I stop the swing I lift the bat straight up, over my head, sort of.

I try to hit everything through the middle. You don't

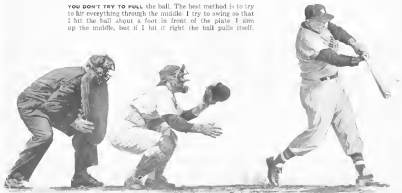
try to pull the ball. I try to swing so that I hit the ball about a foot in front of the plate. I don't know for sure where I actually hit it, but that's where I hit it in my mind, out about a foot in front of the plate. And I'm aiming at hitting it right through the middle. But if I hit it right, it pulls.

On every pitch, you try to wait until the ball's been pitched before committing yourself. But almost all hitters "guess" once in a while. Guessing is deciding beforehand what a pitcher is going to throw. Johnny Mize says a guess hitter is a hitter who guesses with two strikes. That means guessing when you shouldn't guess. Actually, when I say guessing, it isn't really guessing, it's anticipating a pitch. It's being really ready.

I can't guess on Early Wynn. No matter what I figure he's going to throw, he throws something else.

continued

YOU DON'T TRY TO PULL the ball. The best method is to try to hit everything through the middle. I try to swing so that I hit the ball about a foot in front of the plate. I aim up the middle, but if I hit it right the ball pulls itself.





SET AND STUDY: 3.5 SECONDS

THE BATTER WATCHES the ball all the time. You watch it in the pitcher's hand as he winds up. You watch it as he brings his arm down to throw. You watch it as it comes out

of his hand. You watch it as it comes to the plate. You try to keep your eye on it right up to the instant it hits our bat. I don't think you can really see the ball hit the bat, but you



PITCHERS present different problems to the batter. Whitey Ford, for instance, pitches to particular spots. He'll throw a good curve close, a waste pitch high and a fast ball low.



NERO SCORE, on the other hand, doesn't bother aiming at spots. With that terrific fast ball and that great curve, he really doesn't have to, as long as he's over the plate.



EARLY WYNN is the toughest for me. He throws high and tight, at different speeds. When I think I can hit him up there, he throws a knuckler. Or a slider that breaks away.



BOB TURLEY has a good fast ball and a good curve, and he's tough on me and all right-handed batters because his pitches always seem to cut across your body to the outside.



DECISION: .5 SECONDS

REFLEX TIME: .2 SECONDS

should try to. Just trying to help you keep your eye on the ball longer. You want to wait as long as possible before swinging. You should always set yourself for the fast ball, just

because it's so fast, but you have to be ready to hit the slower curve, too, and you can hit it if you are able to wait until the last possible moment before committing yourself to the swing.

ROY SIEVERS *continued*

But last August when I hit that homer in the 17th inning [His sixth in six consecutive games, a dramatic home run that won an exciting game for Washington, set an American League record for consecutive home-run games, set a new Washington club mark for home runs, and put Sievers in a tie for the American League home-run lead.] it was funny. I guessed. There was one out, the score tied. Al Aber was pitching for Detroit. Now, they usually throw me curves, and I figured for sure they'd throw me curves then, and not good ones, because I figured they wouldn't mind too much walking me. But Aber's first pitch was a fast ball low. I wasn't expecting it, and I took it, but I figured: Fast ball! What's he trying to do? Boy, if he throws me another fast ball down there, look out. Sure enough the next pitch was a fast ball in the same place and I tagged it.

I couldn't get away with that with a guy like Wynn. He's the toughest for me. He throws me everything up high and close, but it's all different, different speeds and everything. And just when I get myself set, when I know I'll hit whatever he throws up there, he throws that knuckler of his, and it's a good one. If I move back, he's throwing a slider down and away. He doesn't throw many curves, but he can throw that good fast ball on your hands.

You have to know what the different pitchers throw you. Whitey Ford, for instance, is tricky. He'll throw me a good low curve that just slices in over the inside corner of the plate. Then he'll throw me high and tight, maybe a slow curve that comes in on me. Then a fast ball on the outside corner, low; one that has a little tail to it, almost like a screwball. You've got to be awake with Whitey. He's cocky and tough.

Billy Pierce is a lot like Ford, but he's faster. He'll go along trying to overpower you. He can throw his fast ball right through the game, and your main problem is hitting it. Ford can throw hard, but he has to save it for now and then.

A guy like Herb Score is different from other pitchers.

He has a herky-jerky motion, with the foot up and then the arm. But he doesn't aim at spots. He doesn't work on you. He just throws to the plate. He throws that terrific fast ball and a real good curve. If he gets his stuff over, he doesn't have to aim.

Bob Turley has a good fast ball and a good curve, and he's tough on right-handed batters particularly, because his pitch sort of cuts across the plate, from the inside to the outside. But he's not as effective as Score because, for one thing, he doesn't have the motion Score has.

If I had to make up a set of rules for hitting, I guess they'd be these:

- Constantly study the pitchers so that you are familiar with every pitching habit they have, what they can throw, when they like to throw it, how they like to pitch to you.
- Know the strike zone. Know it instinctively, know it so that you can tell what each pitch is before the umpire calls it.
- Go up there to hit, not to wait around. Swing at good pitches. Make the pitcher know you'll hit a good pitch.
- Keep your eye on the ball all the time. Try to watch it in the pitcher's hand, as it leaves his hand, as it comes to the plate, even as it hits your bat.
- Don't try to swing hard. Keep your swing smooth. Keep your body level. Don't dip your shoulder. Don't lunge.
- Learn to wait as long as you can before swinging.
- Always keep your bat back, ready to swing, on every pitch, no matter how bad.

PART 3

DEL CRANDALL ON CATCHING

The catcher of the world champion Milwaukee Braves analyzes his craft in the April 21 issue

Billy the Tiger

The boldest early moves have been made by Detroit, where Martin is the blither spirit

THE world is looking rosier to the Detroit Tigers. With an effort, the frustration of last year's fourth-place finish can almost be forgotten—a finish, incidentally, which from a certain point of view might have been something to cherish. After all, it was the first time in six dismal years that the Tigers had lifted themselves out of the second division. But when your club boasts four .300 hitters and two 20-game winners, as Detroit did in 1956, you feel you can expect richer rewards from life. The Tigers certainly did. When the long season ended, though, their fourth-place spot was only a game and a half better than sixth place, and 20 full games behind the champion Yankees. Instead of four .300 hitters there were none; and there was only one 20-game winner around.

Now Manager Jack Tighe claims with disarming unsophistication that lessons have been absorbed: "I think we'll be a better club for it this season. I know I've learned a lot in the past year. Last year at this time in spring training, I couldn't see anything wrong with the club. You might say I was lulled to sleep by all that proven talent out there. And I was feeling pretty good about managing in the big leagues for the first time.

"I've learned a little more about handling the men. How to keep them in the right frame of mind. I've learned that when a big leaguer does something wrong, he feels worse than I do. Some react differently, that's all."

More alarmingly, Jack Tighe also discovered that .300 hitters are not automatically and permanently attached to that dizzy eminence; they

can sometimes hit .270. And that two 20-game pitchers can wind up another season winning only that many between them. That's what happened when the Tigers, the widely touted dark horses of the spring, limped into the fall as a mediocre .500 ball club.

"We thought we'd do better last year after analyzing the potential of some of our guys," continued Tighe frankly. "We didn't look for any of the eventualities that did happen to us. We didn't concentrate enough on



AT SHORT, IN HIS NOT-SO-QUIET WAY

defense. When you get right down to it, it was the defense that hurt us the most. When our hitting and pitching didn't live up to their advance notice, we didn't have anything else to fall back on. [The Tigers ranked last in the league in double plays, seventh in assists and total chances.] This year I know where this club can be weak. Last season I fooled myself on that. All our thinking has been to make moves so that if those guys don't hit again, we won't be so badly off. We didn't do that last year."

The Tigers have done just that. They picked up Jim Hegan, a 37-year-old veteran who is rated one of the best defensive catchers in the majors. They picked up reserve outfield and pinch-hitting strength with Gus Zernial, Bill Taylor, Jim Greengrass and Lou Scissas (now trying to make the team at third). They got Gail Harris from the Giants to give Ray Boone a rest at first base. But most of all, the Tigers outmaneuvered veteran player-grabber Frank Lane and came up with Billy Martin in the off season's biggest player trade.

"We got Martin to play shortstop, and Harvey Kuenn is moving to center field," the Detroit front office announced calmly—and the protests flared. How could the Tigers move the American League's All-Star shortstop to a position he's never played before, to accommodate a second baseman who has only played a handful of games at short? Martin can't play shortstop! Kuenn can't play center field!

It sounded like a bold experiment and it is—probably one of the boldest ever made in a spring training camp. And it's certainly the biggest baseball news to come out of Florida or Arizona this year.

"We didn't move Kuenn because we think he's a lousy shortstop," explains Tighe generously. "Granted he was never a cat out there, but he was adequate. We simply think Martin will be better. Kuenn started to lose his quickness after he broke a small bone in his foot late in the 1956 season. Another thing that has hurt him is his size. He's a big man and his bending isn't quick. He lost some of his agility around the bag and going to his right. He's always had fast hands, but his size, more than anything, has been against him at short."

Coach Billy Hitchcock, a former infielder by trade, says, "I have a feeling Harvey always wanted to play in the outfield. In past years he was always go ag out there to snag flies. You don't see infielders doing that. He's always had good hands. You should see him out there scooping grounders one-handed—like Willie Mays—and whipping the ball in. He likes it in center field."

"One thing you've got to remember," emphasizes Tighe. "Kuenn wants to make the move. It's not a case of the management forcing him against his wishes. He told me he wanted to play center field."

So far, Harvey Kuenn has shown

that he can play the outfield, Tighe concludes: "Kuenn is a highly intelligent man and knows a lot about baseball. You won't see an infielder's throw out there. He knows how to throw overhand with a snap. Harvey Kuenn's arm right now is better than Jim Piersall's. From what Kuenn is doing down here he looks like he'll make it. But I want to reserve final judgment until he gets around the various parks in the league. Then we'll know for sure whether he can play center field."

Even more baseball people scoffed at the idea of Martin at shortstop. "That's all right with me," reacts Martin. "I'm glad they say I can't make it at short. It just makes me want to do it that much more."

ALREADY AT HOME

In his own not-so-quiet way, Martin has been showing the Tigers that he will be able to play shortstop. "I'm confident. It just takes time. You have to get the feel of it. Already I'm starting to feel at home there."

This spring Martin came into the Tiger camp five days early and started right in. Johnny Pesky, the former Red Sox shortstop and now a Detroit minor league manager, worked with him for two weeks. While Martin was on the field, Pesky kept a notebook on everything he did. Then the two would go over it. "He's going to be a good shortstop," says Pesky enthusiastically. "He learns fast. He's quick-moving, both with his hands and with his feet. Don't worry about his arm. He can make the deep throws. He's got it up here."

"Martin's first big trouble," says Tighe, "was during the runner with his arm. You can't do that at short. So he's working to get rid of the ball fast. I didn't want him to feel that he had to make this team at shortstop and thus put too much pressure on him. So I told him that if he ever feels he can't play short, to tell me. Martin looked at me as if I was crazy and said, 'I'll never be in to see you. I'm going to be your shortstop.' That guy wants to play short so bad he can taste it."

Martin has already given Detroit a lift defensively—and offensively. "There is something different about this club this year," Tighe finds. "There's spirit here. And it's due to one guy—Billy Martin. There's even been singing on the bus, and we never had that before. On our last bus trip to Sarasota Billy carried song

continued

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BILLY THE TIGER *continued*

sheets aboard, started everyone off.

"But that's only one of many small things. Martin keeps talking about winning, and the players think they can win. The way they're playing here convinces me. They want to play and they're playing harder. It's something you can see when you're close to a team. I looked for it last year and thought it was there. But it wasn't true. This year it seems these guys really believe themselves.

"You can pin a lot of it on Martin. If a guy makes a good play, he's right over there to tell him. Every action of his is to win. He tells the others it doesn't matter how good you hit if your effort doesn't help the ball club. It's bound to be contagious. The big thing he's going to do for us is make those players realize how good they are. He can get a guy to play better baseball. He's a natural leader, and he'll be in the spot on our club where it will show. He's right in the middle of all the activity where he can radiate that spirit. His own physical performance may not always help you to win, but what he does for the others is what may do it. That applies to Jim Hegan, too, in a different way. What he can get that pitcher to do is the most important thing, not his batting average."

NO FUN ON TV

Martin himself sees it this way: "The difference is wanting to win and wanting to play. The way they're acting, they want to win this year. We've got the men. It's just a matter of playing together as a team. I've got to get into another Series. It's no fun watching it on TV."

Some observers of the Tigers don't think they've helped themselves. The management thinks they have. Yet there is no infield or pitching depth on the club. Despite the success of the bold experiment to date, the fact remains that the spine of the team—shortstop and center field—is in strange hands. Some Detroit sports-writers have adopted a show-me attitude. They've seen too many Tiger spring wondges droop in the heat of the season.

Nonetheless, this is an intriguing team. It ought to be able to shake up the overfamiliar pattern of the American League pennant race. And—if all the question marks get the right answers—this just might be a big year for Detroit. **END**

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is threatened by

Florida's disastrous winter

NORTHERNERS fighting snowdrifts during the grim winter just ending smirked when they learned of palmed tourists fleeing Florida in droves and of hotel owners crying the blues and holding out free meals as bait. Ice on palm trees may be funny from a distance, but to Floridians adding up the state's losses it was no smirking matter. To fleeing tourists they had to add ruined citrus crops, frost-bitten vegetable farms, dying cattle—and dead storks.

The storks were wood ibises, the only true stork in the United States. The wildlife losses of the winter are hard to evaluate in numbers, dollars or esthetic values, but in the case of the wood stork ornithologists have come up with a detailed picture of what happens to subtropical bird colonies when hit by cold, rain and wind. The past winter may have an important bearing on the continuance of wood storks as a part of the rich bird life which attracts so many visitors to Florida.

The record is more detailed for the wood storks because ornithologists, already worried over their declining numbers, were making a study of the species when the winter storms struck. Drought, drainage, lumbering and other factors have affected the status of this spectacular bird. Twenty years ago there were more than 100,000 of them. Today their num-

continued

Photograph by David Goodson



bers probably do not exceed 4,000.

During the two previous winters their nesting efforts in the Corkscrew Swamp, which had the largest remaining colony, had been unsuccessful because of excessive drought. This swamp, with cypress trees more than 800 years old, is a sanctuary owned and guarded by the National Audubon Society. When I visited it 19 years ago it harbored 15,000 wood stork nests.

Last fall conditions were right for a good nesting. There had been rain; sloughs and ditches were full of water; minnows, crayfish and other natural food were abundant. As though to compensate for their previous nesting failures the wood storks soared into the big cypress trees and began nesting earlier than they ever have before.

On November 20 Warden Hank Bennett, custodian of the colony, was elated as he watched the wood storks coming to the nesting trees. On wings spreading five feet or more they circled over the swamp, then dropped their landing gear as they approached the treetops. The first eggs were laid on November 28, and Hank heard the voices of the first young on December 29. A later airplane reconnaissance resulted in a final estimate of approximately 1,000 breeding pairs.

By January 1 many young had been hatched, and the colony was off to a good start. Things were looking up for the race of wood storks. At 11 o'clock on that same night a light rain started, accompanied by a little wind. By midnight the rain had become heavy and the wind, which was from the north, increased with gusts up to 20 miles per hour. At 7 a.m. on January 2 all adults were sitting, but no young could be heard. Light rain and a steady wind continued, and the temperatures dropped sharply. The wind rose during the night and probably reached 30 miles per hour.

On January 3 the rain began to let up, but the wind remained high and the temperature low. In the afternoon an inspection of some of the nests indicated that two-thirds of them were deserted. Crows, turkey vultures and black vultures were flying over the treetops. Later, vultures were observed standing on deserted wood stork nests. Late in the day the rain stopped, but the wind increased to 35 miles per hour and the temperature dropped below freezing.



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NATURE continued

On January 5 a few birds with eggs were still sitting. On January 6 the wind was 20 miles per hour. Five adult wood storks observed the day before were missing. By January 12 all nesting attempts had ended. Ornithologist Alexander Sprunt IV wrote: "Two wood storks seen over the tress. There isn't a single occupied nest anywhere in the swamp."

By this time the nearby farm lands were inundated, and Sprunt wrote of the curious sight of fruiting tomato plants under water.

THE LAST COLONY

Five smaller colonies which the wood storks had established in south Florida suffered fates similar to the one at Corkscrew. A colony of 150 nests in the Sadie Cypress was wiped out by the same storm. A small colony of 25 nests was lost at Monroe Station. On January 12 there were two colonies still hanging on in the Everglades National Park, one at Cuthbert Lake and one at East River. Dr. William B. Robertson, park biologist, found about 300 pairs at each place. They had survived the first storm, but in late January another storm knocked out both colonies.

At the end of January, Robert P. Allen, ornithologist studying the wood storks, took me along to check the only remaining colony, a group of only five nests in Joe Bay at the southern tip of the Florida mainland. The five nests were deserted. Allen pointed out that normally there is an annual loss of about 50% among the adult birds.

Fifty years ago, when the American and snowy egrets were nearly wiped out by the plume hunters, the wood storks escaped because they lacked the fancy plumage then so much in demand. In succeeding years they prospered, and there were many rookeries in Florida. Then the drainage of the Everglades, coupled with the severe drought of the '30s, deprived them of much of their feeding ground. In addition, lumbering operations continued to take away the big cypress trees in which they preferred to nest. Now the perils of cold weather during their nesting season are making it still harder for the wood storks to survive.

"If they don't get a successful nesting soon," Allen said, "the wood stork will be added to the list of rare birds."

END



JAY HEBERT, Mayfair Inn CC, Sanford, Fla.

Tip from the Top

Playing the long irons

WHEN I PUT a two-, three- or four-iron in my hand, my left hand instinctively tends to get stronger on the club than it does when I grip a wood or a middle or high iron. It actually feels like there is a change of grip on the long irons, but there isn't—it's just a stronger grip. This is my reaction to the long irons after practicing them for many years and consciously working to strengthen the left-hand grip. You want to pull down very firmly with the left hand on those shots, and with a good, strong left-hand grip you are more apt to do this.

My brother Lionel says I am a good long-iron player because I always get the full distance from the club. To my mind, this is the result of making my main thought elevation and not direction. Instead of trying to drive the ball down and on a low line on the long irons, I think of meeting the ball solid. I try to wind my arc through the ball as I do on a fairway wood, to sweep the ball away as I do on a wood. The ball has a slightly higher trajectory than an accentuated low long iron does, but this seems to me a good thing. I take a very thin cut of turf if I take any.

Start with that extra-firm left hand and try to wind your arc through the ball on the long irons, and I feel certain your experience will be a duplicate of mine: your whole conception of the shot will change, and you will gain a consistency you hardly dreamed was possible.



On the long irons the left hand should grip the club a bit more firmly than on the other shots.

A. Ravelli

NEXT WEEK: Dick Mayer on putting from 12 feet in

"Want me to send for a billiard cue, Joe?"



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Some Ups and Downs

36

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For their last duet in a series of six mother-and-daughter exercises, Bonnie and Suzy demonstrate the "seesaw." By now, if you have been following Bonnie's fitness program, your body should be capable of these lifts without undue strain. In the "seesaw" the lifting partner should move slowly and the lifted partner hang completely loose and relaxed. When two young children start this exercise, an adult should stand by to help with balance. The "seesaw" movement is useful in strengthening arms, abdominal muscles and legs and also helps teach you how to relax under tension.



Stand back to back, hands gripping short stick as close to the shoulders as possible, and stoop until the curve of your seat is under your partner's.



Parent slowly leans forward, lifting child off floor. If sizes are about equal, parent and child can exchange roles. Otherwise only parent does lifting.

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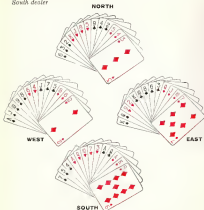


CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A Successful Four-horse Parlay

As a fascinated kibitzer of the following deal, I found myself, at the conclusion of the play, deploring the absence of pari-mutuel facilities for wagering on the outcome of bridge hands. With my predilection for buying a \$2 ticket on the longest shot in each race, I'm sure I'd have "got down on" declarer in this contract of four hearts, and collected a record price when declarer brought his forlorn hope home under quite a ride.

Both vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	PASS	2♥	PASS
2♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: Ace of spades.

The final contract of four hearts is hardly sound, and the fault for reaching it is entirely North's. There was no justification for his raise with a hand so lacking in trick-taking power. Without a ruffing value or any face card outside the trump suit, North should have passed.

The requirements for a single raise in a major suit are 7 to 10 points. This hand falls far short of that requirement. It is unlikely that a game will be missed by failure to keep the bidding open. Despite the powerhouse that South held, there was really no play for the contract. Or so it would seem merely by examining the North-South hands. Even if the club finesse succeeds, declarer has three losing spades and a losing diamond and, short of tearing up the cards, no visible way of getting rid of a single one of them.

Fortunately—or unfortunately, depending upon the players' point of view—West selected the only lead to give declarer a faint chance of running room. The preferred lead would be a trump, but on the actual lead of the ace of spades East dropped the queen. When the suit was continued, East won with the king but could not reach partner's hand to cash the third spade. He exited with the queen of diamonds. Declarer won, entered dummy with a trump and took the club finesse.

Next, South drew the outstanding trumps, cashed the ace of clubs, reentered dummy with a trump and ruffed North's remaining club. Then he played the ace of diamonds, followed by the 9 and a prayer that East would have to win the trick. This East did. With nothing left but clubs and diamonds, East was obliged to make a lead that permitted declarer to ruff in one hand as he discarded the losing spade from the other.

In order for declarer to win the hand, 1) the ace of spades had to be opened, 2) the spade suit had to be blocked, 3) the club finesse had to win and 4) East had to have all three of the high diamonds—that's quite a parlay. But give South credit for spotting that glimmer of daylight along the rail.

Extra tricks: The player who passes a weak hand like North's rarely loses the opportunity to reveal his meager assets later on. Unless partner holds as good as an opening two no-trump bid, nothing will be lost by playing at one heart. But the opponents will seldom permit that.

In this situation, for example, it is permissible for East to shade a reopening takeout double, and that is probably East's best course if North should pass. South might redouble to show his powerhouse, West would bid one spade, and now a free raise to two hearts exactly expresses North's hand. South might bid as high as three hearts if pushed but, warned by partner's initial pass, he would avoid the "hopeless" game bid and I would be looking for another deal to write about today.

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(Other colors of illustrated belts are shown below)

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SPORT IN ART

Sunday Afternoon Idyll



Chicago Art Institute

A 19th century French painter long ignored by the American public, Georges Seurat is generating a good deal of excitement this year. A comprehensive exhibition of his works, now hanging in the Museum of Modern Art in Manhattan,

is built around his masterpiece, *La Grande Jatte* (above). A pleasantly sportive scene of genteel Parisians enjoying sunny leisure on the small island park in the Seine, this painting was done in pointillism, the artist's highly individual style.



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underlined his class by humbling a good field in Gulfstream's Fountain of Youth Stakes. His disqualified rival, Jewel's Reward, is passing up the Florida Derby to return to New York; although the Flamingo left him a little the worse for wear, the May 3 Kentucky Derby remains Jewel's prime objective.

If Tim Tam has a serious adversary in this race, it may be Arnold Hanger's colt, Whitley, who has been wintering in South Carolina and will be making his first start of the year. In connection with Whitley, there are two things to remember; he is trained by canny old Max Hirsch, of King Ranch fame, and will be ridden by Eddie Arcaro. Hirsch and Arcaro are not men to go all the way to Gulfstream just to get an earful of music and an eyeeful of beauty on water skis. There must be another reason—like, for instance, the smell of the winner's share of a \$100,000 purse.

Last week at Gulfstream another \$100,000 purse went to a horse about

whom there are no mysteries or question marks. When the Oklahoma oilman Travis M. Kerr bought Round Table just over a year ago he knew he had a good prospect; he couldn't know that his purchase would blossom into the best horse in training in America today.

In winning the Gulfstream Park Handicap with phenomenal ease, Round Table hiked his earnings to \$973,964—which puts him third to Nashua and Citation on the money-winning list. This amazingly consistent bay has now won all six of his 1958 starts, after taking 15 out of 22 last year.

Round Table is not a big horse, about 15.2 hands; he is short-coupled but well-quartered behind, has a small but good-looking head and a longer-than-average stride.

Complete soundness and a perfect disposition are two of the Table's greatest assets. His trainer, Willie Molter, says, "He has unlimited endurance. I think he can probably handle any horse, too."

Unfortunately for racing fans, this challenge will not soon be tested. Bold Ruler and Gallant Man, the other

two heroes of 1957, are sidelined with hoof troubles. Thus they join the long list of brilliant young horses who have been unable to withstand the intense training and early competition imposed by the modern economics of American racing.

Travis Kerr says Round Table will now go "where the horse will be treated the best. . . . We are not in favor of weights in excess of 130 pounds." This means Round Table will shoot for the Californian purses at Golden Gate and Hollywood Park before moving to Chicago and Belmont (probably for the Woodward).

Long before then, Round Table will probably have earned the title of world's richest race horse. He will not, however, be making homeplayers much wealthier—is the Gulfstream Handicap he went off at 1 to 3. By way of contrast, on the same day a horse named Whisk Tru beat the mutual record at Bowie (Maryland) by paying off \$464 for \$2 in the fifth race. Of course, Whisk Tru's previous form was not quite the same as Round Table's—this was his first victory in 27 starts.

—WHITNEY TOWER

FOREIGN CARS

continued from page 28

with its small 1100 and smaller 600 models. Hillman of England more than tripled its 1956 take last year, with sales of 11,124; and Morris of England counted 5,375 buyers against fewer than 500 the year before. Sales of French Simcas rose from 2,005 to 5,766. The Swedish Saab found 1,500 customers, mostly in the Northeast, in its first full year in the U.S. A new Triumph sedan has recently come in from England, following a bang-up year here for the Triumph TR3 sports cars.

These and a few other makes are the ones which most aptly fit the American conception of "the small foreign car." They range in length from 145 to 160 inches, in horsepower from 32 to 45 and in price from just under \$1,600 to about \$1,900 before state and local taxes at eastern ports of entry. Prices on the West Coast and inland are higher.

Not the least of the foreign cars' appealing features is the wide variety in body styles and engineer-

ing features. The VW and the Dauphine are excellent examples of rear-engined cars that have made good. The Saab and the German DKW offer uncommon 3-cylinder engines and front-wheel drive. Fiat is well known for their Italianate zip and racy exhaust note.



SPORTS CARS SPAWNED these jaunty new capes with snap that form sleeves. They can be ordered in many fabrics from Custom Tailor John Barber of Buffalo.

For ultimate fuel economy there are the minicars, like the German Isotta and Goggomobiles; for silken luxury, the patrician conveyances from Rolls-Royce, Mercedes-Benz, Paolet Vega, Jaguar and the celebrated Italian coachmakers; for admirers of the futuristic, France's Citroën DS 19; for seekers of rarities, the Czechoslovakian Skoda.

All these, and the thriving sports cars, too, will stand in glittering array at the International Show. Jaguar will introduce a new roadster in the XK series; Saab will unveil a new touring car, the 750 Gran Turismo, which comes equipped with a more powerful engine than the standard 94Bs, a tachometer and a Halda average speed computer.

The automotive year ahead will be momentous, as competition for U.S. dollars among the proliferating foreign-car dealers becomes more intense, as Detroit readjusts the European penetration in the light of its immense production and sales apparatus and as the recession runs its rocky course. The auto show arrives at a significant hour.

—KENNETH RUDEEN

THE ROAD TO AUGUSTA

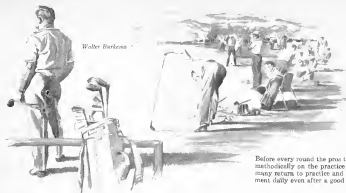
FOR three decades now one of the standard phenomena of the American sports scene has been the winter golf tour, that exhausting and yet inspiring trek which annually begins in Los Angeles early in January and proceeds via a weekly four-day tournament across the southwest and the Gulf states to the Atlantic Coast and its spectacular climax, the Masters tournament in Augusta in early April—this year, April 3 to 6. It is a world of its own, the road to Augusta, and to capture its singular flavor *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sent Artist Tony Ravielli out to the tour earlier this winter to record its manners and mores. On these and the following two pages, Ravielli's revealing sketchbook of life on the tour is presented—the familiar faces, the typical sights and sounds, the characteristic vignettes that are repeated daily and with only mild variation as the caravan of some 250 players makes its cross-country journey: L.A., Pebble Beach, Tijuana, Palm Springs, Phoenix, Tucson, San Antonio, Houston, Baton Rouge, New Orleans, Pensacola, St. Petersburg, Wilmington and Augusta. Beginning on page 68 another view of the tour is presented by Herbert Warren Wind, or rather by "Harry Sprague," a young driving-range pro writing home to his backer about his first winter following the sun, the dust, the strain.



Frank Strazman and Frank Jr., 3, get together on the practice tee: "I haven't seen him for three weeks and now he's lost his groove completely."



Another father and son combo: Dick Mayer, the Open champion, checks the swing of Ricky, 5, a frequent and resolute visitor to the practice tee.



Walter Burkens

Before every round the pros tune up methodically on the practice range; many return to practice and experiment daily even after a good round.



Out on the course, Shirley Lüttler, Gene's wife, follows him on a tense final round. Wives generally get over-golfed early, assemble at clubhouse.

Doug Ford (right, foreground) checks his card while J. C. Goosie (left, rear) studies the board to see if he has "made the cut" for final two rounds.



The putting green is the touring pro's village green—the place where he can find a little conversation and humor with his friends at almost any hour.

continued



Harvey Raynor (left), PGA tournament supervisor, talks things over with two members of dawn patrol, Billy Booe (center) and Bob Goalby.



For 50 years and more a fixture of the tournament scene, Duke Hancock, the famous professional caddie, is now retired but still follows tour.

At Thunderbird clubhouse, that stalwart of the entertainment world and pro-amateur events, Bing Crosby, reviews day's play with partner Burke



Fred Hawkins and wife Valerie go through that recurrent chore of the nomadic life, unpacking the rear seat and the trunk of an overstuffed car.



...and after a 76

Souchak's expression after a 67

You can never tell from his demeanor whether affable Mike Souchak has just come in from burning up the course or just weathered a bad round.



Down the fairway, enveloped in concentration, walks Ed Furgol, the old campaigner who has stayed on the tour despite an injured right arm.



Focus of a typical autograph session is Dew Finsterwald, the young man from Ohio, who finished in the money in 72 consecutive tournaments.



If there is anyone who epitomizes the tour, it is Jimmy Demaret, as young today as in 1901 when he first made the circuit with Bret Harte.



At top, a.m.: Don Cherry listens to Tommy Bolt. At bottom, p.m.: Bolt listens to Cherry, who heads floor show at plush Phoenix nightclub.

Turn page for a further report on the circuit by "Harry Sprague," a rookie pro

On the Winter Tour with Harry Sprague

*A fictional (but not very) young golf pro reports to
his backer about his first swing around the circuit*

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

Jan 7nt

Dear Mr. Parmenter

I am writing to you from the writing room in the Del Monte Lodge which you can see from the printing on top is in Pebble Beach where we pros are playing the Crosby tournament this week. It is very noisy in here because an awful racket is going on in the bar and if I make any errors in spelling it will be because of the racket and how it effects a persons coordination. Before I left Mass I promised you I would write you a regular report which is the least I can do since you are my backer and are backing me on the winter tour. So Im going to get this letter off and will treat the racket just like a galery which I did fine in the LA Open or else would I have tied for 14nt place. Thanks for sending your tellergram (spelling?). It was sure good hearing from you Mr Parmenter.

That was a good daybue finishing tied for 14nt. I could have won the whole shoot and match if I had my touch on the greens. I was paired with Dutch Harrison one round and with Walter Burkemo another round and I am not being conceded when I tell you I outplayed them every hole from tee to green but they got the putts and I couldnt buy one for love of money which is what I hear happens on the tour. Meaning



that the real golfers cant putt these aradic greens. I blew a couple of easy birdie putts on 14nt and 15nt that was the differents between tying for 14nt and a tie for 7nt but as you say a person has got to be a pholossifer (spelling?) if hes going to be a golfer and I did hole 2 40 footers so I feel like a pholossifer about those 2 putts.

For a sample I got one of those alpacker sweaters which you push up the sleeves on and makes you look extra rugged and proey.

Some pros had to cancell out of the Crosby as I was invited to play here on the strenght of my showing at LA which I am grateful (spelling?) for and told them so seeing it is my first year on the tour. The pros are very regular guys both the old fellows like Harrison and Littler and the young fellows you never heard of because I never did. However I am strictly unimpressed byther golf. Harrisonaswing is nobetter than Mrs Proutys but he is almost as old as she is so maybe he was better when he was young. That figures. As I wrote you above the pros are very freindly. Al Besselink for example let me use one of his sports jackets on a big date I had in LA and it was sure nice of him even though the jacket was kind of small thru the shoulders. I bought some new clothes here in a habadashery in Pebble so I expect to do better with the females from now on.

Wait till your boy starts putting

Yours truly
Harry

Jan. 21, 1958

Mr. Walt Parmenter
Parmenter Enterprises Co.
148 So. Main Street
Micawha, Mass.

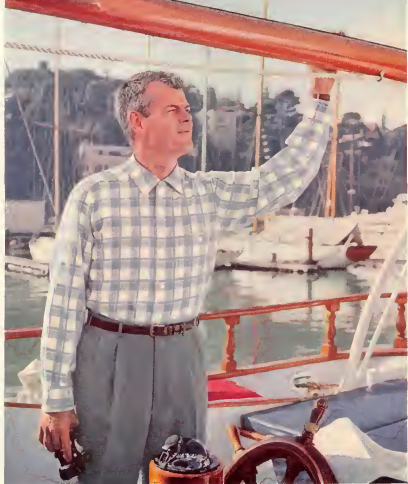
Dear Mr. Parmenter,

Like you asked me to in your telegram last week, I have got in touch with a public stenographer, so all the words in this letter will be clear which apparently they was not in my handwriting due to the racket coming from the bar at the Del Monte Lodge. Also they will be spelled right. I am sitting in a chair in an office here on the main drag in Palm Springs on the second floor of a building above a store where they sell nothing but moocs and loafers but are still in business apparently. They are playing the Thunderbird Invitational here this week, and I am giving this dictation like I was Adolph Menjou to a lady name of Lorna Thomas who is going to stick in the periods and the other dots and dashes when she types the letter up. She is a nice-looking lady with white hair like Mrs. Prouty which is the best description I can give you under the present playing conditions, if you catch.

Well, Mr. Parmenter, you have probably been wondering how come your boy wasn't in the money since your last letter. So have I because I have been hitting it a ton. That is one of those slang expressions all the pros use. When you ask a pro how he played, he answers one or two things.

continued

Sir Pendleton.



For him the light, virgin wool **SIR PENDLETON** shirt is a perfect mate with the skipper's Pendleton Sun-weight slacks. Shirt \$17.50. Slacks \$18.95.

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION WRITE DEPT. 80, PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, PORTLAND 4, OREGON

Arrangement for Slimness:

the **Light** refreshment

ASK any modern woman how she arranges to stay so slim and trim—and she'll probably credit her sane choice of lighter food and drink.

Today's Pepsi-Cola fits right in with this modern diet trend. Reduced in calories—never heavy, never too sweet—today's Pepsi refreshes without filling. Have a Pepsi.



Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling



"I was hitting it a ton," he says or he says, "I was playing like a Gang-busters" which also means good. They got a hunk of their own out here, like bankers, and that's all they talk. I'll give you a sample of what I mean. No pro calls a golf course a golf course. That's strictly bush. You call a course a track. Another sample. When you get into a sand trap and someone asks you where your ball is, you don't say, "I'm in the trap." You say, "I'm on the beach." Another good sample for you is if you see a pro or anyone else whose name you don't remember just then, you call him "Old Buddy." You can pick up this lingo pretty quick like I did in a couple of weeks if you have got any brains at all. I don't want to lose my own personality which has always been my trademark at the driving range, like you keep telling me, and I think this is the reason for my popularity with my colleague pros. They think I'm a pretty good linguist, too, is what I mean.

Like at Thunderbird, where I am not entered this week since only something like the top 40 money-winners get invited and I wasn't on the circuit last year, I played a practice round with Burke, Souchak, and Demaret who are all from Texas except Souchak. I had a nice little 66 and took the boys for a few bucks, so



when we finished I said, "Okay, you guys, let's adjourn to the 10th Hole and I'll buy you all a Moxie." They got a great kick out of this because though we call the bar the 10th Hole at the Micawba Country Club—who knows better than you, Mr. Parmenter?—apparently if you have an 18-hole course you change around and call the bar the 19th Hole of which I get the point.

Jimmy Demaret can be a serious fellow sometimes, though. He was out practicing the other afternoon and because I like to help the fellows out like I did Dick Mayer with his putting stroke last week, I told Jimmy, "Jimmy, you are cutting across the ball. That is why you are getting that fade at the end on those irons. Would you like a couple of tips, old buddy?"

"Harry," he says, "I've always played the ball from left to right. I

better stick with it and just do the best I can."

I told Jimmy not to think about it and I could fix him up in a jiffy like I did Mr. Callahan last summer who had the same kind of slice. "Harry," Jimmy says to me, "It's a shame Sneed and Hogan are not on the tour 'cause they been looking for years for someone to straighten them out on the golf swing." When the tour goes through Texas maybe I will get the time to go up to Fort Worth and check Ben's swing for him which I would be glad to do for an old buddy.

What your boy can't understand is why I'm not scoring out here, Mr. Parmenter. It's got to be the tracks. El Centro where we enlisted men had a little tournament this week is just a desert. Tijuana down in Mexico where we played the week before has fairways with no clover in them at all. Pebble and Cypress where we played before that are trick tracks. If you hit the ball a ton like I was there, you get penalized where a short hutter like Middlecoff can't reach the ocean. I was paired with Cary one round and I outdrove him on every hole including the short ones, but he was putting and I wasn't so he gets a 69 and I get an 80, which is backwards. Cary told me after the round I was trying to hit the ball too hard. Now I don't like to accuse a colleague pro of throwing sour grapes but you probably saw in the papers that right after he played with me in the Crosby, Middlecoff left the tour and went back to his club in Florida which is more than a coincidence, hey?

I expect to break into the money in a big way at Phoenix next week. All your boy needs is a couple of putts. A little more female companionship wouldn't do me any harm neither but we keep moving like gypsies and when we hit the new towns the name pros get all the name women and before a guy can get his bearings we move on again.

Yours truly
Harry Sprague

Feb. 1, 1958

Mr. Walt Parmenter
Parmenter Enterprises Co.
148 So. Main Street
Micawba, Mass.

Dear Mr. Parmenter,

I am dictating this letter from

Tucson which is also in Arizona which as far as I can see is just one big sand-trap or beach. There are plenty of public stenographers in this town because lots of people come out here to



retire among which is a nice-looking lady name of Rhoda Richards who is taking my dictation. She came out here 30 years ago and she is a real veteran, if you follow my drift.

How come I am here in Tucson when the tournament is still going in Phoenix? Well, I ran into some tough breaks in Phoenix, Mr. Parmenter, and missed the cut by two strokes, meaning that my total for the first two rounds was two shots too high to get me into the low sixty scores and ties who qualify for the last two rounds. I think I am maybe spending too much time helping the other pros instead of working on my own game. A good sample of this is Palm Springs and Phoenix where I gave Ken Venturi some tips on competition psychology and, as you read in the papers, Venturi steps right out after that and wins both tournaments, though his game still needs an awful lot of polishing. Where I had my tough break at Phoenix is that a terrific looking blonde with one of those brown sunbans came out to watch me and Ford and Finsterwald finish our second round. I introduced myself very politely and I bet her, just to make some conversation, I would get three birds on the last three holes. I guess I gambled too much going after those birds 'cause I finish boge, boge, double boge and that killed me. I learned a lesson from this like you learn on the tour which is this: You have got to putt, old buddy, or you're dead.

I drove down here from Phoenix last night to get used to the track where we fellows who have to qualify in a qualifying round even to get into the Tucson Open qualify on Tuesday. I am now traveling with two other young colleague pros, a great little putter from Indiana name of Pete Grissom and a fellow from Seattle name of Albie Vickary who is a hell of a scrambler. They both made the cut at Phoenix so I took off in the car and they will pick up rides and

continued

meet me here Sunday night at the Gila Monster Motel. Vickary, Grissom, and myself have formed a syndicate and we will be splitting our prize money up three ways. I don't know if this is such a smart move for me and I would appreciate your



idea about it since you are a real pro with finances.

This reminds me, Mr. Parmenter, to bring up something that's been on my mind for some time now, if you don't mind. Pete, Albie, and a lot of the other pros including the old guys tell me that my finances arrangements with you aren't a fair shake. They say that they never heard of any backer making a deal where he pays a pro's expenses on the winter tour and in return the pro works for him and runs his driving range from April to November for no salary. I told them under our arrangement I got to keep two-thirds of what I make on the lessons I give at the range and that I gave many numerous lessons, but they still say you are giving me less money than what I should be paid for it. I explained that you are a big man in Micawba and got a connection with many enterprises, but all they say about this is it figures. So I will be looking forward to hear what you say about this.

Well, Mr. Parmenter, I'm going out to the practice range now seeing that I never did stir up an acquaintanceship with that blonde with the sun-tan, so from now on I'll be playing a more conservative type golf.

Yours truly
Harry Sprague

Feb. 15, 1938

Mr. Walt Parmenter
Parmenter Enterprises Co.
148 So. Main St.
Micawba, Mass.

Dear Mr. Parmenter,

I'm going to make this a short letter because I need to get out on the

course and get some practicing in. I am giving the dictation in Houston, Texas, to a nice-looking lady name of Sue Atherton who, she tells me, is a native of Houston, Texas, and was living here when it was no more an acropolis than Micawba, Mass., or whatever is the foreign name for a city with lots of tall buildings and women's clothes stores. As is getting to be my usual, I arrived in this next town on the tour a couple of days before the rest of my colleague pros who made the cut at San Anton' and are still there playing the third round of the Texas Open today. That was where the roof really hit me, Mr. Parmenter. If it wasn't had enough not making the cut in any tournament for a month now, at San Anton' I didn't even qualify in the qualifying round to get into the tournament. Those Scotchmen are right when they say this is a humble game because I never felt punker in my life.

I don't know if I told you I am taking my whole swing apart which is why I am doing so much practicing on the practice tee. My two old buddies, Albie Vickary and Pete Grissom, been telling me a long time now I don't get my left hand on the club correctly and which is why I am hitting from the top all right side and spraying my shots all over the place. Demaret and some of the other veteran pros like Barber and Boros also have been trying to show me changes I ought to make, like the lining up the shot, but for a while I just thought they were only trying to throw me off my game because this is for real bucks out here. I am convinced now they were aiming to do me a good turn all along, and I'm working on a new grip and a whole different swing and action which nobody perfects overnight even if I am a natural athlete. So I have decided not to go up to Fort Worth. Hogan will just have to work on his own game best he can himself till I get going again.

I never knew there was so much bare country with no trees and just plain dirt in the world as there is in this part of the United States where we cut across on the winter tour. It's like being an enlisted man in the French Foreign Legion. I ran into a knockout babe with a convertible Jaguar car in Tucson when we were both picking up our cleaning and pressing, but my tuning must have been off for she said she was catching a plane that night. Also would appre-

ciate it if you would let me know if we can make some new finances arrangements like I wrote you about which you did not say anything about in your last letter.

Yours truly
Harry Sprague

Mar 1st

Dear Mr Parmenter

I am writing you in New Orleans and you see I am back to using my own hand writing which is because my funds are getting low. My two buddies Grissom and Vickary are making me follow a budget with no more spending on habadaahy and stenos till I start winning again. Funny thing about those stenos. Where ever you go they all have names like movie starlets and you walk up the stairs to the office expecting you are going to meet a real live doll with a car and every time what do you see in front of you. One of those old aljaber teachers with pins stuck all over her head who is old enuff (spelling?) to be an air raid warden in the civil war.

Your boy is finally hitting it again



Mr. Parmenter, I didnt qualify for the last 36 at Baton Rouge but I was hitting it so good that George Bayer who I was paired with one round was twenty thirty yards behind me off some tees and pressing to get that close. The Hebert brothers Jay and Lionel who call it something like Albair in french are very regular guys and came over and told me my action (spelling?) looks way improved and to stick with it and before long I will be taking the boys just like Grant took rich men. Which is what a lot of the other pros came over and slapped me on the back and said. They are a real good bunch. I dont want to knock myself but they also were right when they were telling me I want getting my putts to drop because I am a charjer and keep charjing the hole and have got to work for a smoother stroke or tap. Thats experiance and you dont get it unless you go out and play aradic

continued

Colonel and Mrs. Leon Mandel

Board Chairman of Chicago's famous Mandel Brothers, Inc., department store, Leon Mandel is a noted sportsman who has won international acclaim as deep-sea fisherman, poloist and gunner.

Cubex-bore Mrs. Mandel reigns unchallenged as the top woman shoot skater in the nation, in 1954 became the first woman in the history of skeet or trap shooting to lead both men and women in competitive averages.

She is also known—for good cause—as the best-dressed woman in American sports.



A Family Affair

When I first met her you could hardly call my wife Carol active in sports. She didn't even approve specifically of my own polo-playing. But later on she took up the shotgun game—to please me, so she said. Please me she certainly did. Before long I was proud to watch her championship performances.

Among all sports for the family we hold shooting highest. What else offers more competitive equality between the sexes—where else can a woman compete with a man on an equal basis?

Gunning and fishing are what we do. The rest are what we watch. And there's none we miss reading about each week when **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** comes to our home. Whenever we leave home—perhaps for Caribbean fishing or a European live bird shoot—we make sure that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** follows us around.

Pretty good proof that in this family **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, like sport itself, is a family affair.

Golf is great with BAG BOY '58

This is the year . . . the year for your greatest enjoyment of golfing . . . the year for your Bag Boy golf cart. \$25,000 golfers can't be wrong. That's the number who proudly own Bag Boys. They prefer Bag Boy for its handsome appearance,

its ease of folding, its free-and-easy rolling that makes any fairway smooth and easily traveled.

And Bag Boy is backed by a 3 year guarantee.

Check the features below to see why Bag Boy is the finest golf cart made—and the only one with cushion-springs. Then see the new '58 Bag Boys at your pro shop, department and sporting goods stores. *Special \$29.95, Deluxe \$37.95, folding bag and sport seat \$11.95.* Or write for free illustrated booklet and names of dealers.



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WIDE, SMOOTH PONTON Tires

Exclusive tire design means smoother, easier rolling. Bag Boy tires float on top of the turf; don't dig in.



those driving contests at the range and the Micawba Open.

About those finances arrangements Mr. Parmenter. I would like to get them fixed up so that I can save some money this year at the range from a salary instead of always being in heck to you for the previous season. In your last letter you say my head is getting too big for my hat and I don't know how well off I am with you backing me with loans. My colleague pros say they can swing me an assistance job for me that will give me a much better deal all the way. I just as soon come back to the range where all the gang knows me but let us talk over a new arrangement in your next letter. Okay.

You probably noticed that some of us enlisted men are getting in the money like Albie Vickary did at Baton Rouge with that 68 on the last round so our sindyest had a big party at a nite club and I got up and sang a couple of songs at the mike to show the folks I am a real pro material.

Your Truly
Harry

March 24, 1958

Mr. Walt Parmenter
Parmenter Enterprises Co.
148 So. Main St.
Micawba, Mass.

Dear Mr. Parmenter,

I got your telegram congratulating me on my performance in tying for eighth (8th) place in the Pensacola Open which I certainly appreciated since it is the first dough I have won

continued

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These great new Jay Hebert Registered "Signature" models from Spalding are tops in both appearance and playability.

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The handsome Hebert woodheads are HYDROSEAL PROCESSED. This makes them virtually impervious to moisture damage, gives them added

strength, greater resiliency, a better "click," extra yardage.

Iron heads never loosen!

The True Temper "Rocket" Shafts of the gleaming Hebert Irons are actually reverse-threaded into the heads. No pin to work loose as you are apt to find in ordinary irons.

Jay Hebert Clubs are also available in the new "FLITE-LINE" models. Like all Spalding products, these great new Jay Hebert Clubs are guaranteed unconditionally.



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Acceleration far faster than the newest jet or military rocket! It's yours every time your club head meets the new 1958 Wilson Staff Golf Ball!

The new Staff has this tremendous "leap" off the club head built right in. The new Staff actually gives you more than is in your swing—accelerates to speeds up to a third more than club head speed! That means extra yards—more drives pin high!

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ROAD TO AUGUSTA continued

since L.A. My prize money share came to six hundred dollars (\$600) from which I am mailing you a mail order for two hundred (\$200) as part payment down on the funds you loaned me as my backer on the winter tour which I am leaving now.

I am dictating this letter in St. Pete not to steno but to an old girl friend of mine from Micawba, Marian Haydock, who you probably remember when she used to live on Depot Street. This is why it is all typed up with every thing dotted and spelled correctly again. To make a long story short, Marian has been down here, which I didn't know, for two years working in the office of a real estate outfit in St. Pete; and I ran into her at the tournament here last week.

As you probably read in the papers, I missed the money here by four (4)



shots but all my old "Buddies" now tell me: "Harry, you are looking like a player now" or "You are really moving it, man"; which is my pro colleagues' way of saying I am really moving it.

Marian is looking like a million dollars (\$1,000,000). She always had it in that dep't but not so much, like I tell her. We are hitting it off like "Gang Busters," and what a relief it is after all these months to bump into a "babe" who talks my language; which Marian does seeing she was a soph and saw every basketball game the year I broke the high school scoring record by "tossing" in those thirty-three (33) points—thirteen (13) field goals and seven (7) fouls—against Braintree High.

Now if we can discuss the other mutual business of ours, Mr. Farmer. First off, I have decided not to come back to work for you at the range. Mr. Amos A. Tabor who runs the Otter Lake Resort and Country Club up in the state of northern Michigan signed me up as an ass't pro, for which I thank my old "Buddies" on the tour who introduced me to him after my showing at Pensacola. Otter Lake is a real big resort with twenty-seven (27) holes. It doesn't open until middle of May so I latched onto a job instructing at a driving range here in St. Pete where I will make my headquarters until then. Mr. Tabor is going to have me represent Otter Lake on the tour next winter when the course is closed up with snow and unsizeable weather. It is all in the contract on paper, and Vickary, Grissom, and my other colleague pros tell me it is a wonderful deal for me. I am enclosing the mail order for two hundred dollars (\$200) and you will receive the rest on a monthly installment plan Marian says she will work out.

So that's the good news. I'd appreciate it a lot if you would mail me the photo in the shop of me and you standing in front of the old driving range and pointing at the sign on top, so I can hang it in the pro shop at Otter Lake to show people where I got my start before I became a veteran. Marian has a car and if we go up to the Masters for a day or two I will get some photographer to shoot a picture of me with Bobby Jones and Gene Sarazen with our arms around each other at the first tee, which would be a nice thing to look up and see for the members at Otter Lake when they are having a birch beer or something at the old 28th Hole.

Yours truly
Harry Sprague
Ass't Pro, Otter Lake C.C.



19TH HOLE The Readers Take Over

SAFARI MENTAL REACTIONS

Sirs:

The lady has written a masterpiece. I refer to the article *This Was My Africa* (SL, March 10).

Ever since my boyhood hero Theodore Roosevelt hunted in Africa in 1909, I have been reading hunting stories about that continent, especially those pertaining to elephants.

It was not until last year that I was able to hunt there myself. I covered the same ground as Virginia Kraft portrayed in her story, and I shot an elephant in the same area along the Tana River. As she says, "I don't really understand why I wanted so much to shoot an elephant." Neither could I understand why I wanted to hunt them except that some compelling urge stirred me on until I finally had the tuskier at my feet. Then . . . the most peculiar emotion overcame me which I could never describe. I have experienced emotional reaction with other big game, but nothing to match that of downing my elephant.

Probably it is the letdown from intense anticipation and concentration similar to the climax of an important horse race. Anyway, Virginia has been able to capture that mental reaction and put it on paper. The story is fascinating and factual. It made me homesick for Africa and the elephant country.

GEORGE H. LESSER

Johnstown, N.Y.

Sirs:

What manner of people are these, who kill animals, not for the meat, nor for the hides, nor even for defense against marauders who threaten livestock, but solely for the sake of killing? I can understand bullfighters killing (and they do it with a sword, not a small cannon), because it is their livelihood and also because the carcass of the dead bull is not left to carrion birds.

I realize that this letter will not change anything in the least, but I write it in the hope that my protest against wanton slaughter of animals will be read. Incidentally, I am not a "bleeding heart," as hunters like to brand people who feel as I do. I have enjoyed and participated in sports all my life. However, the so-called "blood sports" I can do without.

FRANK YANER

Los Angeles

● The editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* have over the years received many hundreds of letters on big-game hunting. From these it is plain that the communications gap between those who are drawn to trophy hunting and those who have an instinctive aversion to the killing of animals is well-nigh unbridgeable, as the letters from Messrs. Lesser and Yaner, which are typical, indicate. This is not surpris-

ing, because historically and emotionally there exists a great schism in the world of sport. On the one side are athletics or games; on the other, blood sports. Few sportsmen can make a real commitment to both.

Games, such as track and field and the team sports, owe their origin directly or indirectly to festivities related in ancient times to religious ceremonies or tribal celebrations—for example, the Greek Olympics or the endurance tests at one time common to many American Indian tribes. These festivities were spirited demonstrations of man's physical endowments, stamina, speed, skill and grace. The victor's reward was of symbolic value only, a wreath of laurel or a bit of ribbon. This esthetic concept of sports today finds its highest expression in a superbly conditioned runner's competing not against his fellow men, but against the abstraction of time, i.e., the four-minute mile.

Blood sports, on the other hand, were born of grim necessity: survival in war and peace. Ancient man hunted animals for food even before the discovery of fire, and the skills necessary to taking an animal by stealth and cunning were as useful in warfare. What differentiates blood sports from games is that their goal is the acquisition of a trophy without which in the final analysis the sport loses its meaning. It is not true, however, to say that the kill is the beginning and the end of blood sports such as big-game hunting. Some 40 millennia ago Cro-Magnon man translated the pleasures and beauty of the hunt into exquisite cave drawings. And, speaking of big-game hunting, Theodore Roosevelt, one of the few men who understood both blood sports and athletics, could find no words to express "the hidden spirit of the wilderness—its mystery, its melancholy, its charm . . . the awful glory of sunrise and sunset in the wide, waste spaces of earth, unsworn of man."—ED.

ROAD RACING: SAFE FOR WHOM?

Sirs:

I would like to call attention to the fact that the auto race held at Monza, Italy was boycotted by the group of race drivers who were also the principal participants in the recent disastrous race in Havana, Cuba (SL, March 10).

It should be remembered that the Monza race was held on a closed course with adequate crowd control. However, this

continued

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fish to be caught,
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Coming April 10

SI's
Third Annual
SPECIAL
BASEBALL
ISSUE



Baseball begins April 14th—and if you want to be really ready for Opening Day, you won't want to miss SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's third annual Baseball Issue.

Whether you play ball, played it, or just enjoy it, here's everything you need to open the season in style: a 32-page section of up-to-the-minute scouting reports (stars on the spot, rookies to watch, reserves, hitting and fielding potential, etc.) . . . complete schedules . . . a look at pre-season trades; an appraisal of top sportscasters; a frank study of Phil Wrigley, baseball's mystery man; a provocative report on the *Future of the Game*; a color portfolio of World Series paintings; and a sweeping look, in words and pictures, at the stars in action. Here's an unforgettable special issue to give you a running start on Baseball 1958

—one you'll enjoy and refer to all season long.

That's the April 14th issue . . . out April 10th.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *

*April 10 or any other time, S. I. makes a wonderful gift.

10TH HOLE *continued*

group of drivers stated that the Monza course was "not safe" and that they refused to participate in the race for that reason. In spite of the obvious unsafe condition of the road course in Cuba these same men did race on it. In five laps they scored seven spectators dead and 31 others injured.

Now the thing that comes to my mind is just how do these men define the word safety and who is included when they speak of safety?

I think these men know the full meaning of safety insofar as they themselves are concerned, but they refuse to apply it to the spectators. Whatever the safety problems at Monza were, the important thing is that the Monza race was nearly stopped by a very few influential drivers' complaints about the safety of the track.

Why in the name of common sense don't these and dozens of other safety-minded drivers take hold of this issue and use it where it is needed—in a drive for spectator safety.

CHALMERS M. GOODYEAR
Syosset, N.Y.

HOT RODDERS: FURTHER DEFINITION

Sirs:

I want to thank you for pointing out the difference between real hot rodders and the type of person Mr. Prewitt thinks is a hot rodder (19TH HOLE, March 10). Though I am 41 years old, I have long been a hot rodder, having built several



HOT-ROD TOW BOAT

racing boats and engines, one of which won the national championship in the 7-liter class for me in 1951. Since then I have built a hot-rod old tow boat (see above) and am now building a sports car using a Kurtis Indianapolis chassis and aluminum body with a hot-rodded Chrysler engine, which I built up. At present I am sponsoring a local hot-rod club which is trying to get the use of part of the local airport for a drag strip.

Thank you again for helping us out with your article.

FRED I. SUTTON JR.
Kinston, N.C.

TURN THE EVIDENCE

Sirs:

From the standpoint of a \$2 better who cares little about improvement of the breed, your coverage of the foul in the Flamingo (SI, March 10) was excellent. Your pictures should convince even those who had \$2 on Jewel's Reward's nose that there was dirty work in the stretch.

DON STROUSE
Columbus, Ohio

SQUASH: FAIR LADIES

Sirs:

It's always nice to see news and views of squash racquets, especially women's, in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* (SCOREBOARD, Mar. 10). But when your esteemed magazine describes Peg Carrott as a "better than fair" player I must, in all fairness, protest.

After all, Peg split matches with Baba M. Lewis, runner-up in the nationals, and beat me fairly and squarely four times this year—a pretty fair record.

JEAN MCCORMICK

Newtonville, Mass.

• Jean McCormick, a "better than fair" squash player herself, ranked fifth nationally in 1957, this year was beaten by sixth-ranked Peggy Carrott in the nationals and in the Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania state tournaments.—ED.



DEFENDER MCCORMICK

THE FISH OF DISTINCTION

Sirs:

The Marylander does not bet on the horse mammal, shoot the duck bird or angle for the rockfish. If any of the Outdoor Writers ("Never Say Fishie," E&D, March 3) will venture no farther from their Baltimore headquarters than to "Mash" market, he will learn that what the New Englander calls the striped bass and what hinterland beaneries term the rockfish is known simply, but definitely, as the rock.

I fished and fished in Maryland for many years. Moreover, in certain sections—say Tangier Sound—a man may go fishing for trout or blues, but when he contemplates taking the rock, then he is said to be "going rockin'."

The Maryland nickname is an affectionate shortening of this species' scientific name *Roccus scrofulus*. It has the advantage of brevity, the authority of science and authenticity gained from long usage. Furthermore, it is unique and distinguishes this remarkable fish from any and all of the unrelated, nonsensitized fishes with the word "bass" in the name.

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PAT ON THE BACK



Kristoffer Kristofferson

This dashing young man in the Rugby outfit plays standoff on the team at Pomona College in California, where he is a senior. But this is only a small facet of 21-year-old Kris Kristofferson's amazing record. He is also starting left end on the varsity football team, a Golden Gloves boxer, sports editor of the college paper, outstanding cadet in the ROTC battalion of which he is cadet commander. As an English major he is an honor student and member of the four-man senior honor society on campus. Kris was four of the top 20 awards recently given in a creative writing contest for college students. He composes

folk songs which he sings to his own guitar accompaniment. And to crown this varied list of accomplishments Kris is a Rhodes scholar-elect, one of 32 young Americans chosen to go to Oxford this fall. As the eldest of three children of Major General and Mrs. Henry Kristofferson, Kris will find travel familiar. The family has done a lot of it keeping up with their airline-executive father (the senior Kristoffersons are in Saudi Arabia, where the general is operations manager for Aramco Airlines), and Kris has lived in Texas, Washington, New York and California. It was in San Mateo that he attended high school and distinguished himself as a distance runner. At Oxford he will study English literature to prepare for a writing career.



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